

# THE MONTHLY EPITOME,

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XXXIX. *The Temple of Nature, or, the Origin of Society; a Poem, with philosophical Notes.*  
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Johnson.

THIS posthumous poem of the great Dr. Darwin, divides itself into four books, after this order and with these titles.—*Production of Life, Reproduction of Life, Progress of Mind, Of Good and Evil*: out of each of these cantos specimens shall be given.

## CANTO I.

The *Temple of Nature* is thus delineated.

"Hence, high in air, unconscious of the storm,  
Thy temple, NATURE, rears its mystic form;  
From eagle to bear'n, unwrought by mortal toil,  
Towers the vast fabric on the desert soil;  
O'er many a league the ponderous domes extend,  
And deep in earth the ribbed vaults descend;  
A thousand jasper steps, with circling sweep,  
Lead the slow rotary up the winding steep;  
Ten thousand piers, now join'd and now aloof,  
Bear, on their branching arms, the fretted roof.

"Unnumber'd ailes connect unnumber'd halls,  
And sacred symbols crowd the pictur'd walls;

"*Pictur'd Walls.* l. 76. The application.  
VOL. II.

With pencil rude forgotten days design,  
And arts, or empires, live in every line;  
While, chain'd reluctant on the marble ground,  
Indignant TIME reclines, by Sculpture bound;  
And, sternly bending o'er a scroll unroll'd,  
Inscribes the future with his style of gold.  
—So erst, when Proteus, on the busy shore,  
New forms assum'd of eagle, pan, or bear,

tion of mankind, in the early ages of society, to the imitative arts of painting, carving, statuary, and the casting of figures in metals, seems to have preceded the discovery of letters; and to have been used, as a written language, to convey intelligence to their distant friends, or to transmit, to posterity, the history of themselves, or of their discoveries: hence the origin of the hieroglyphic figures which crowded the walls of the temples of antiquity; many of which may be seen in the tablet of Isis, in the works of Montfaucon; and some of them are still used in the sciences of chemistry, and astronomy, as the characters for the metals and planets, and the figures of animals on the celestial globe.

"So erst, when Proteus, l. 83. It seems probable, that Proteus was the name of a hieroglyphic figure, representing Time; whose form was perpetually changing, and who could discover the past events of the world, and predict the future. Herodotus does not doubt but that Proteus was an Egyptian king, or deity; and Orpheus calls him, the principle of all things, and the most ancient of the gods; and adds, that he keeps the keys of Nature (*Daniel's dict.*); all which might well accord with a figure representing Time.



" Now vows connubial chain the  
plighted pair,  
And join paternal with maternal care :  
The married birds, with nice selection,  
cull  
Soft thistle-down, grey moss, and scat-  
ter'd wool ;  
Line the secluded nest with feathery  
rings,  
Meet with fond bills, and woo with flut-  
tering wings.  
Week after week, regardless of her food,  
The incumbent Linnet warms her future  
brood ;  
Each spotted egg, with ivory lips, she  
turns,  
Day after day with fond expectance  
burns ;  
Hears the young prisoner chirping in his  
cell,  
And breaks in hemispheres the obdurate  
shell.  
Loud trills sweet Philomel his tender  
strain,  
Charms his fond bride, and wakes his in-  
fant train :  
Perch'd on the circling moss, the listen-  
ing throng  
Wave their young wings, and whisper to  
the song.

" *The incumbent Linnet*, l. 348. The affection of the unexperienced and untaught bird to its egg, which induces it to sit days and weeks upon it, to warm the enclosed embryo, is a matter of great difficulty to explain. See Additional Note IX, on Storge. Concerning the fabrication of their nests, see Zoonomia, Sect. XVI, 13; on instinct.

" *Hears the young prisoner*, l. 351. The air-vessel, at the broad end of an incubated egg, gradually extends its edges along the sides of the shell, as the chick enlarges, but is, at the same time, applied closer to the internal surface of the shell: when the time of hatching approaches, the chick is liable to break this air-bag with its beak, and, thence, begin to breathe and to chirp: at this time, the edges of the enlarged air-bag extend so as to cover internally one hemisphere of the egg; and, as one half of the external shell is thus moist, and the other half dry, as soon as the mother, hearing the chick chirp, or the chick itself, wanting respirable air, strikes the egg, about its equatorial line, it breaks into two hemispheres, and liberates the prisoner.

" *And whisper to the song*, l. 356. A curious circumstance is mentioned by Kircherus de Musurgia, in his chapter de Luscinia: 'that the young nightingales, that are hatched under other birds, never sing till they are instructed by the company of other nightingales:' and

" The Lion-King forgets his savage  
pride,  
And courts, with playful paws, his tawny  
bride :  
The listening Tiger hears, with kindling  
flame,  
The love-lorn night-call of his brinded  
dame.  
Despotic Love dissolves the bestial war,  
Bends their proud necks, and joins them  
to his car ;  
Shakes o'er the obedient pairs his silken  
thong,  
And goads the humble, or restrains the  
strong.  
Slow roll the silver wheels—in beauty's  
pride,  
Celestial Psyche blushing by his side.  
The lordly Bull behind, and warrior  
Horse,  
With voice of thunder shake the echoing  
course ;  
Chain'd to the car, with herds domestic  
move,  
And swell the triumph of despotic Love.

" Pleased, as they pass along the  
breezy shore,  
In twinkling shoals, the scaly realms  
adore ;  
Move on quick fin with undulating train,  
Or lift their shiny foreheads from the  
main.

Johnston affirms, that the nightingales, that visit Scotland, have not the same harmony as those of Italy, (Pennant's Zoology, 8vo, p. 235.) which would lead us to suspect, that the singing of birds, like human music, is an artificial language rather than a natural expression of passion.

" *With undulating train*, l. 373. The side fins of fish seem to be chiefly used to poise them: as they turn upon their backs immediately, when killed, the air-bladder assists them, perhaps, to rise or descend, by its possessing the power to condense the air in it by muscular contraction; and it is possible, that, at great depths in the ocean, the air in this receptacle may, by the great pressure of the incumbent water, become condensed into so small a space, as to cease to be useful to the animal, which was, possibly, the cause of the death of Mr. Day, in his diving ship. See note on Ulva, Botan. Gard. V. II.

" The progressive motion of fish, beneath the water, is produced, principally, by the undulation of their tails. One oblique plain of a part of the tail, on the right side of the fish, strikes the water at the same time that another oblique plain strikes it on the left side; hence, in respect to moving to the right or left, these

High o'er their heads, on pinions broad display'd,  
 The feather'd nations shed a floating shade;  
 Pair after pair, enamour'd, shoot along,  
 And trill in air the gay impassion'd song.  
 With busy hum, in playful swarms around,  
 Emerging insects leave the peopled ground,  
 Rise in dark clouds, and, borne in airy rings,  
 Sport round the ear, and wave their golden wings.  
 Admiring Fawns pursue on dancing hoof,  
 And bashful Dryads peep from shades aloof;

percussions of the water counteract each other, but they coincide in respect to the progression of the fish: this power seems to be better applied to push forwards a body in water, than the oars of boats, as the particles of water recede from the stroke of the oar, whence the comparative power acquired is but as the difference of velocity between the striking oar and the receding water: so a ship moves swifter with an oblique wind, than with a wind, of the same velocity, exactly behind it: and the common windmill-sail, placed obliquely to the wind, is more powerful than one which directly recedes from it. Might not some machinery, resembling the tails of fish, be placed behind a boat, so as to be moved with greater effect than common oars, by the force of wind or steam, or, perhaps, by hand?

"On pinions broad display'd. l. 375.

The progressive motion of birds, in the air, is principally performed by the movement of their wings, and not by that of their tails, as in fish. The bird is supported in an element, so much lighter than itself, by the resistance of the air, as it moves horizontally against the oblique plain made by its breast, expanded tail and wings, when they are at rest: the change of this obliquity, also, assists it to rise, and even directs its descent, though this is owing, principally, to its specific gravity, but it is, in all situations, kept upright or balanced by its wings.

"As the support of the bird in the air, as well as its progression, is performed by the motion of the wings, these require strong muscles, as are seen on the breasts of partridges. Whence all attempts of men to fly by wings, applied to the weak muscles of their arms, have been ineffectual; but it is not certain, whether light machinery, so contrived as to be moved by their feet, might not enable them to fly a little way, though not so as to answer any useful purpose.

Emerging Nereids rise from coral cells,  
 Enamour'd Tritons sound their twisted shells;  
 From sparkling founts enchanted Naiads move,  
 And swell the triumph of despotic Love.

"Delighted Flora, gazing from afar,  
 Greet, with mute homage, the triumphal car;  
 On silvery slippers steps, with bosom bare,  
 Bends her white knee, and bows her auburn hair;  
 Calls to her purple heaths, and blushing bowers,  
 Bursts her green gems, and opens all her flowers;

O'er the bright Pair a shower of roses sheds,  
 And crowns, with wreathes of hyacinth, their heads.

—Slow roll the silver wheels, with snow-drops deck'd,  
 And primrose bands the cedar spokes connect:

Round the fine pole the twisting woodbine clings,  
 And knots of jasmine clasp the bending springs:

Bright daisy links the velvet harness chain,

And rings of violets join each silken rein;  
 Festoon'd behind, the snow-white lilies bend,

And tulip-tassels on each side depend.  
 —Slow rolls the car—the enamour'd Flowers exhale

Their treasur'd sweets, and whisper to the gale;

Their ravelled buds, and wrinkled cups unfold,

Nod their green stems, and wave their bells of gold;

Breathe their soft sighs from each enchanted grove,

And hail THE DEITIES OF SEXUAL LOVE.

"ONWARD, with march sublime, in saffron robe,

Young HYMEN steps, and traverses the globe;

O'er burning sands, and snow-clad mountains, treads,

Blue fields of air, and ocean's briny beds;

Flings, from his radiant torch, celestial light

O'er Day's wide concave, and illumines the Night;

With dulcet eloquence, his tuneful tongue Convokes, and captivates, the Fair and Young;

His golden lamp, with ray ethereal, dyes The blushing cheek, and lights the laughing eyes;



With secret flames the virgin's bosom warms,  
And lights the impatient bridegroom to her arms;  
With lovely life all Nature's frame inspires,  
And, as they sink, rekindles all her fires.

" Now paused the beauteous Teacher,  
and, awhile,  
Gazed on her train with sympathetic smile:

' Beware of Love !' she cried, ' ye Nymphs, and hear  
' His twanging bowstring with alarmed ear:  
' Fly the first whisper of the distant dart,  
' Or shield with adamant the fluttering heart:  
' To secret shades, ye Virgin trains, retire,  
' And in your bosoms guard the vestal fire."

—The obedient Beauties hear her words,  
advised,  
And bow with laugh repress'd, and smile chastised.

" *With laugh repressed.* l. 434. The cause of the violent actions of laughter, and of the difficulty of restraining them, is a curious subject of inquiry. When pain afflicts us, which we cannot avoid, we learn to relieve it by great voluntary exertions, as in grinning, holding the breath, or screaming; now the pleasurable sensation, which excites laughter, arises for a time so high as to change its name, and become a painful one; and we excite the convulsive motions of the respiratory muscles to relieve this pain. We are, however, unwilling to lose the pleasure, and presently put a stop to this exertion; and immediately the pleasure recurs, and again, as instantly, rises into pain: which is further explained in Zoonomia, Sect. 34. l. 4. When this pleasurable sensation rises into a painful one, and the customs of society will not permit us to laugh aloud, some other violent voluntary exertion is used instead of it to alleviate the pain.

" *And smile chastised.* l. 434. The origin of the smile has, generally, been ascribed to inexplicable instinct, but may be deduced from our early associations of actions and ideas. In the act of sucking, the lips of the infant are closed round the nipple of its mother, till it has filled its stomach, and the pleasure of digesting this grateful food succeeds; then the sphincter of the mouth, fatigued by the continued action of sucking, is relaxed; and the antagonist muscles of the face, gently acting, produce the smile of pleasure, which is thus, during

" Now, at her nod, the Nymphs attendant bring  
Translucent water from the bubbling spring;  
In crystal cups the waves salubrious shine,  
Unstain'd, untainted, with immodest wine.  
Next, where emerging from its ancient roots,  
Its widening boughs the Tree of Knowledge shoots,  
Pluck'd with nice choice, before the Muse they placed  
The now no longer interdicted taste:  
Awhile they sit, from higher cares released,  
And, pleased, partake the intellectual feast.  
Of good and ill they spoke, effect and cause,  
Celestial agencies, and Nature's laws.

" So when Angelic Forms, to Syria sent,  
Sat, in the cedar shade, by Abraham's tent;  
A spacious bowl the admiring Patriarch fills  
With dulcet water from the scanty rills;  
Sweet fruits and kernels gathers from his board,  
With milk and butter piles the plenteous board;  
While, on the heated hearth, his Consort bakes  
Fine flour, well kneaded, in unleav'd cakes.  
The Guests ethereal quaff the lucid flood,  
Smile on their hosts, and taste terrestrial food;  
And, while from seraph-lips sweet converse springs,  
Lave their fair feet, and close their silver wings." p. 79.

### CANTO III.

*Man* is thus beautifully described.

" Proud man alone in wailing weakness born;  
No horns protect him, and no plumes adorn;  
No finer powers of nostril, ear, or eye,  
Teach the young Reasoner to pursue or fly.  
Nerved with fine touch, above the bestial throng,  
The hand, first gift of Heaven! to man belongs:

our lives, associated with gentle pleasure, which is further explained in Zoonomia, Sect. 16. 8. 4.

" *The hand, first gift of Heaven!* l.

Untipt with claws, the circling fingers  
 close,  
 With rival points the bending thumbs op-  
 pose,  
 Trace the nice lines of Form with sense  
 refin'd,  
 And clear ideas charm the thinking mind.  
 Whence the fine organs of the touch im-  
 part  
 Ideal figure, source of every art:  
 Time, motion, number, sunshine or the  
 storm,  
 But mark varieties in Nature's form.

122. The human species in some of their sensations are much inferior to animals; yet the accuracy of the sense of touch, which they possess in so eminent a degree, gives them a great superiority of understanding, as is well observed by the ingenious Mr. Buffon. The extremities of other animals terminate in horns, and hoofs, and claws, very unfit for the sensation of touch, whilst the human hand is finely adapted to encompass its object with this organ of sense. Those animals who have clavicles, or collar-bones, and thence use their fore-feet like hands, as cats, squirrels, monkeys, are more ingenious than other quadrupeds, except the elephant, who has a fine sense at the extremity of his proboscis; and many insects from the possessing finer organs of touch, have greater ingenuity, as spiders, bees, wasps.

"Trace the nice lines of form. l. 125. When the idea of solidity is excited, a part of the extensive organ of touch is compressed by some external body, and this part of the sensorium so compressed exactly resembles in figure the figure of the body that compressed it. Hence, when we acquire the idea of solidity, we acquire, at the same time, the idea of figure; and this idea of figure, or motion of a part of the organ of touch, exactly resembles in its figure the figure of the body that occasions it; and, thus, exactly acquaints us with this property of the external world.

"Now, as the whole universe, with all its parts, possesses a certain form, or figure, if any part of it moves, that form, or figure, of the whole is varied. Hence, as motion is no other than a perpetual variation of figure, our idea of motion is also a real resemblance of the motion that produced it.

"Hence arises the certainty of the mathematical sciences, as they explain these properties of bodies, which are exactly resembled by our ideas of them, whilst we are obliged to collect almost all our other knowledge from experiment; that is, by observing the effects exerted by one body upon another.

"Slow could the tangent organ wander o'er  
 The rock-built mountain, and the winding shore:  
 No apt ideas could the pigmy mite,  
 Or embryo emmet, to the touch excite;  
 But, as each mass the solar ray reflects,  
 The eye's clear glass the transient beams collects,  
 Bends to their focal point the rays that swerve,  
 And paints the living image on the nerve;  
 So, in some village-barn, or festive hall,  
 The spheric lens illumines the whiten'd wall;  
 O'er the bright field successive figures fleet,  
 And motley shadows dance along the sheet.—  
 Symbol of solid forms is colour'd light,  
 And the mute language of the touch, is, sight.

"Hence, in Life's portico, starts young Surprise,  
 With step retreating, and expanded eyes:

"The mute language of the touch. l. 144. Our eyes observe a difference of colour, or of shade, in the prominences and depressions of objects, and that those shades uniformly vary when the sense of touch observes any variation. Hence, when the retina becomes stimulated by colours or shades of light in a certain form, as in a circular spot, we know, by experience, that this is a sign that a tangible body is before us, and that its figure is resembled by the miniature figure of the organ of vision that is thus stimulated.

"Here, whilst the stimulated part of the retina resembles exactly the visible figure of the whole, in miniature, the various kinds of stimuli from different colours mark the visible figures of the minutest parts, and by habit we instantly recal the tangible figures.

"So that though our visible ideas resemble, in miniature, the outline of the figure of coloured bodies, in other respects they serve only as a language, which, by acquired associations, introduce the tangible ideas of bodies. Hence it is, that this sense is so readily deceived by the art of the painter, to our amusement and instruction. The reader will find much very curious knowledge on this subject in Bishop Berkeley's *Essay on Vision*, a work of great ingenuity.

"Starts young Surprise. l. 145. Surprise is occasioned by the sudden interruption of the usual trains of our ideas by any violent stimulus from external objects, as from the unexpected discharge of a pistol, and, hence, does not exist in our dreams, because our external senses

The virgin, Novelty, whose radiant train  
Soars o'er the clouds, or sinks beneath  
the main;  
With sweetly-mutable seductive charms  
Thrills the young sense, the tender heart  
alarms.  
Then Curiosity, with tracing hands,  
And meeting lips, the lines of form de-  
mands,  
Buoy'd on light step, o'er ocean, earth,  
and sky,  
Rolls the bright mirror of her restless eye;  
While in wild groups tumultuous Pas-  
sions stand,  
And Lust and Hunger head the motley  
band;

Then Love and Rage succeed, and Hope  
and Fear;  
And nameless Vices close the gloomy  
rear:  
Or young Philanthropy, with voice di-  
vine,  
Convokes the adoring youth to Virtue's  
shrine;  
Who, with raised eye and pointing finger,  
leads  
To truths celestial, and immortal deeds,"  
p. 97.

CANTO IV.

*Sympathy* is exemplified with great  
beauty in the following lines:

are closed or irritable. The fetus in  
the womb must experience many sensa-  
tions, as of resistance, figure, fluidity,  
warmth, motion, rest, exertion, taste;  
and must, consequently, possess trains  
both of waking and sleeping ideas. Sur-  
prise must, therefore, be strongly excited  
at its nativity, as those trains of ideas  
must instantly be disordered by the sud-  
den and violent sensations occasioned by  
the dry and cold atmosphere, the hard-  
ness of external bodies, light, sound, and  
odours, which are accompanied with plea-  
sure or pain, according to their quantity  
or intensity.

"As some of these sensations become  
familiar by repetition, other objects, not  
previously attended to, present them-  
selves, and produce the idea of novelty,  
which is a less degree of surprise, and,  
like that, is not perceived in our dreams,  
though for another reason: because in  
sleep we possess no voluntary power to  
compare our trains of ideas with our pre-  
vious knowledge of nature, and do not,  
therefore, perceive their difference by  
intuitive analogy, from what usually oc-  
curs.

"As the novelty of our ideas is gene-  
rally attended with pleasurable sensation,  
from this arises Curiosity, or a desire of  
examining a variety of objects, hoping to  
find novelty, and the pleasure consequent  
to this degree of surprise. See Addi-  
tional Note VII. 3.

"And meeting lips. l. 152. Young  
children put small bodies into their  
mouths, when they are satiated with food,  
as well as when they are hungry, not  
with design to taste them, but use their  
lips as an organ of touch, to distinguish  
the shape of them. Puppies, whose toes  
are terminated with nails, and who do  
not much use their forefeet as hands,  
seem to have no other means of acquiring  
a knowledge of the forms of external bo-  
dies, and are, therefore, perpetually  
playing with things by taking them be-  
tween their lips.

"So HOWARD, MOIRA, BURDETT,  
sought the cells,  
Where want, or woe, or guilt, in dark-  
ness dwells;  
With Pity's torch illum'd the dread do-  
mains,  
Wiped the wet eye, and eased the gall-  
ing chains;  
With Hope's bright blushes warm'd the  
midnight air,  
And drove from earth the Demon of Des-  
pair.  
Erewhile, emerging from the caves of  
night,  
The Friends of Man ascended into light;  
With soft assuasive eloquence address'd  
The ear of Power, to stay his stern be-  
hest;  
At Mercy's call, to stretch his arm, and  
save  
His tottering victims from the gaping  
grave.  
These, with sweet smiles, Imagination  
greeted,  
For these she opens all her treasur'd  
sweets,  
Strews round their couch, by Pity's hand  
combin'd,  
Bright flowers of joy, the sunshine of the  
mind;  
While Fame's loud trump with sounds  
applausive breathes,  
And Virtue crowns them with immortal  
wreathes." p. 147.

The *Press* is nobly and deservedly  
panegyricized.

"Ages remote by thee, VOLITION,  
taught,  
Chain'd down in characters the winged  
thought;  
With silent language mark'd the letter'd  
ground,  
And gave to sight the evanescent sound.  
Now, happier lot! enlighten'd realms  
possess  
The learned labours of the immortal press;

"The immortal Press. l. 270. The

Nursed on whose lap, the births of science thrive,  
And rising Arts the wrecks of Time survive.

"Ye patriot heroes! in the glorious cause  
Of Justice, Mercy, Liberty, and Laws,  
Who call to Virtue's shrine the British youth,  
And shake the senate with the voice of Truth—  
Rouse the dull ear, the hoodwink'd eye unbind,  
And give to energy the public mind;  
While rival realms, with blood unsated, wage  
Wide-wasting war with fell demoniac rage;  
In every clime, while army army meets,  
And oceans groan beneath contending fleets;  
Oh save, oh save, in this eventful hour,  
The tree of knowledge from the axe of power!  
With fostering peace the suffering nations bless,  
And guard the Freedom of the immortal Press!  
So shall your deathless fame, from age to age,  
Survive, recorded in the historic page;  
And future bards, with voice inspired, prolong  
Your sacred names, immortalized in song." p. 152.

The conclusion of the poem is singularly impressive.

discovery of the art of printing has had so great influence on human affairs, that from thence may be dated a new era in the history of mankind; as by the diffusion of general knowledge, both of the arts of taste and of useful sciences, the public mind has become improved to so great a degree, that though new impositions have been perpetually produced, the arts of detecting them have improved with greater rapidity. Hence, since the introduction of printing, superstition has been much lessened by the reformation of religion; and necromancy, astrology, chiromancy, witchcraft, and vampyrism, have vanished from all classes of society; though some are still so weak, in the present enlightened times, as to believe in the prodigies of animal magnetism, and of metallic tractors: by this general diffusion of knowledge, if the liberty of the press be preserved, mankind will not be liable, in this part of the world, to sink into such abject slavery as exists at this day in China.

"Now sinks the golden sun—the resper song  
Demands the tribute of URANIA's tongue;  
Onward she steps, her fair associates call  
From leaf-wove avenues, and vaulted halls.

Fair virgin trains in bright procession move,  
Trail their long robes, and whiten all the grove:  
Pair after pair to Nature's temple sweep,  
Tread the broad arch, ascend the winding steep;  
Through brazen gates, along susurrant ailes,  
Stream round their GODDESS the successive files;  
Curve above curve to golden seats retire,  
And star with beauty the refulgent quire.

"And first to HEAVEN the consecrated throng  
With chant alternate pour the adoring song,  
Swell the full hymn, now high, and now profound,  
With sweet responsive symphony of sound.  
Seen through their wiry harps, below, above,  
Nods the fair brow, the twinkling fingers move;  
Soft-warbling flutes the ruby lip commands,  
And cymbals ring with high uplifted hands.

"To CHAOS, next, the notes melodious pass,  
How suns exploded from the kindling mass,  
Waved o'er the vast inane their tresses bright,  
And charm'd young Nature's opening eyes with light.  
Next, from each sun how spheres reluctant burst,  
And second planets issued from the first.  
And then to EARTH descends the moral strain,  
How isles, emerging from the shoreless main,  
With sparkling streams and fruitful groves began,  
And form'd a Paradise for mortal man.

"To Chaos next. l. 489.

\* Namque canebat uti magnum per inane coacta  
\* Semina terrarumque, animæque, marisque faissent;  
\* Et liquidi simul ignis; ut his exordia primis  
\* Omnia, et ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis.

\* VIRG, Ec. VI. l. 31.'

" Sublimar notes record CELESTIAL  
LOVE,  
And high rewards in brighter climes  
above ;  
How Virtue's beams with mental charm  
engage  
Youth's raptur'd eye, and warm the frost  
of age,  
Gild with soft lustre Death's tremendous  
gloom,  
And light the dreary chambers of the  
tomb :  
How fell Remorse shall strike with ve-  
nom'd dart,  
Though mail'd in adamant, the guilty  
heart ;  
Fierce furies drag to pains and realms  
unknown  
The blood-stain'd tyrant from his totter-  
ing throne.

" By hands unseen are struck aerial  
wires,  
And Angel-tongues are heard amid the  
quires ;  
From aile to aile the trembling concord  
floats,  
And the wide roof returns the mingled  
notes ;  
Through each fine nerve the keen vibra-  
tions dart,  
Pierce the charm'd ear, and thrill the  
echoing heart.

" MUTE the sweet voice, and still the  
quiv'ring strings—  
Now Silence hovers on unmoving wings.  
—Slow to the altar fair URANIA bends  
Her graceful march, the sacred steps as-  
cends ;  
High in the midst, with blazing censer  
stands,  
And scatters incense with illumined  
hands ;  
Thrice to the Goddess bows with solemn  
pause,  
With trembling awe the mystic veil with-  
draws,  
And, meekly kneeling on the gorgeous  
shrine,  
Lifts her ecstatic eyes to TRUTH DI-  
VINE !" p. 171.

The *Notes* are learned and instruc-  
tive, and the *Appendix* is replete with  
information. The plates are by Fu-  
seli, and, of course, worthy the pro-  
ductions of a poet who has attained so  
much celebrity.

XL. *THE MILD TENOUR OF  
CHRISTIANITY : An Essay.*  
small 8vo. 150 pages. Clarke.  
VOL. II.

THE author of this pleasing little  
piece, which exhibits much of  
the spirit of true religion, thus, in  
his preface explains its tendency.

ADVERTISEMENT.

" The design of this Essay is, to  
revert to the original departure from  
the simplicity, and lenient character,  
of the christian doctrine, and to pur-  
sue the deviating stream, through all  
its wanderings, till it was checked by  
the mound of reformation : and, in  
the second part of this essay, I pro-  
pose to offer some remarks on the  
same deviating stream, as it glides  
along, with less aberration, in its  
mitigated state. This scheme involves  
a number of celebrated personages,  
whose characters will be surveyed un-  
der a new aspect.

" Next, will be considered, the  
more cultivated parts of British chris-  
tianity ; to which will be added, an  
account of some charitable institutions  
on the continent, with a cursory life  
of Vincent de Paul, whose name is  
not familiar to the English reader.

" Some reflections will then be  
offered on controversial pulpit dis-  
courses, as hostile to the spirit of  
christian ethics ; which naturally lead  
to a critique on the Master of the  
Temple.

" Some observations then occur  
relative to biblical expositions, with  
strictures upon the Rev. William  
Gilpin ; concluding with remarks on  
the sombre morality of Dr. Johnson.

" E. J."

His opinion of *predestination* is thus  
stated.

" As Virgil collected, at the en-  
trance into hell, all the images he  
could collect of a tremendous dignity,  
the primitive moralists seem to have  
exerted their invention in amassing a  
number of terrific spectres before the  
portal of religion : among these un-  
sightly appearances, St. Austin placed  
another tremendous form, *predestina-  
tion* !

" I transcribe from Dupin the  
following exposition of St. Austin's  
tenets. The principles, concerning  
predestination and reprobation, agree  
with the opinion concerning grace.  
Both these decrees, according to St.  
Austin, suppose the foreknowledge  
of original sin, and the corruption of  
the whole mass of mankind. If God  
had permitted all men to have remain-



ed in that polluted state, none could have complained of that severity, because all are guilty, and are doomed to damnation, in consequence of the sin of the first man. But God resolved to deliver some, whom he had chosen out of pure mercy, without any regard to their future merits; and from all eternity he prepared for them, who were thus chosen, those gifts and graces which are necessary to save them infallibly.

"These opinions form a religious system, (as Jortin observes) consisting of human creatures without liberty, doctrines without sense, faith without reason, and a God without mercy.

"Although a spirited resistance opposed itself to the opinion of St. Austin, the predestinating principle was continually gaining ground. An assembly of bishops was held at Cahors, in the year 853, at which the king of France assisted: the following article met with the concurrence of the assembly: 'God hath chosen from the mass of perdition those, whom, through his grace, he hath predestined to eternal life.' (Fleury, book xlix, article 12.)

"From the date of this meeting, the predestinating principle advanced so rapidly, that the church of Rome, at the period just preceding the reformation, was truly calvinistical respecting predestination.

"The Jesuits strenuously opposed the tenets of the bishop of Hippo, and, under this consideration, they were of eminent service to the cause of christianity. At Paris, they denounced St. Austin in the pulpit, under the character of 'l'Africain echauffé,' and of the 'docteur bouillant.' The zeal of the Ignatian fathers was of so unremitting a nature, that in several parts of Europe they overthrew the Augustine doctrine. In France, however, particularly in the capital, their success was not so brilliant. A propensity to the tenets of St. Austin manifested itself among the clergy, many of whom were men of abilities. The compositions of the great Bossuet carry with them a strong tincture of the predestinating principle; but I am much surprised to find the following passage in a sermon of the celebrated Jesuit Bourdaloue:

'Il y a, de la part de Dieu, des substitutions terribles; il abandonne

'les uns, il appelle les autres; il dépouille les uns, enrichit les autres; mystère de predestination certain et incontestable.'

"How willingly do we turn from expressions of this nature to the words of the pious bishop Taylor!

'God defeats the purposes of his wrath by the inundations of his mercy. God pardoned us before we sinned; and, when he foresaw our sin, even mine and your's, he sent his Son to die for us. Our pardon was wrought and effected, by Christ's death, above sixteen hundred years ago; and for the sins of to-morrow, and the infirmities of the next day, Christ is already dead, already risen from the dead, and does now make intercession and atonement. And this is not only a favour to us, who were born in the due time of the gospel, but to all mankind since Adam: for God, who is infinitely patient in his justice, was not at all patient in his mercy: he forbears to punish us, but he would not forbear to provide cure for us and remedy; for, as if God could not stay from redeeming us, he promised the Redeemer to Adam in the beginning of the world's sin; and Christ was the Lamb slain from the beginning of the world.' (See the Miracles of divine Mercy, a sermon.)

"A proclamation, tending to check the propensity to the Augustine principle, was under consideration in the reign of James the first, which was to have contained directions to the bishops, to transmit to the clergy a request, not to harangue their auditors upon the points of predestination, election, or reprobation.

"Milton, whose religious opinion was of a severe cast, rejected the predestinarian doctrine, and adopted a mitigated Calvinism. (See Paradise Lost, book iii.)

"Although an emanation from the principle of St. Austin appears to have been transfused into the articles of the established church, the austere passages may be assuaged by a lenient interpretation. His mind must be of difficult access, which will not admit the bishop of Lincoln's exposition of the seventeenth article; and those scruples must be of an inveterate nature, which are not overcome by the Remarks on the Design and Forma-

tion of the Articles,' in a sermon, preached at St. Mary's, Oxford, by the bishop of Bangor.

"Malebranche used to laugh at the Thomists, and compare them to a pagod, which the owner threw into the fire, because the figure did not incline its head as he passed by, although that motion could not be effected but by means of a cord, which the owner did not choose to draw.

"The following lines are applicable to the present subject:

"God for his creatures must decree  
More happiness than misery;  
Or do an act which rage infers,  
'Cause lameness halts and blindness errs."

p. 33.

His account of *Fenelon* and *Addison* is entertaining.

"When I cast a view over that extensive space which was occupied by the Gallican church, I meet (in the archbishop of Cambray) with a solitary exception to that rigour of religious discipline which every where obtained. As, according to Ecclesiasticus, chapter the third, 'mysteries are revealed unto the meek,' Fenelon was, indisputably, entitled to that distinction; for meekness was the prominent feature of his character; and if by the revelation of mysteries understood a clear perception of the will of God, every christian may go to school to Fenelon. The abettors of the severer discipline were, generally, men of a rugged, despotic temper, mingled with fear, who impressed their own characters on their religious belief:

'Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,  
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.'

"Not so the indulgent Fenelon! his characteristic amiableness harmoniously consenting with the benevolent tenour of the gospel, he stood forth the opponent of the system of religious terror.

"The illustrious archbishop having received a letter from a young woman, who made some apology for the dissipated life she appeared to lead, replies to that part of her letter in these words: '*Je ne suis point un docteur ombrageux, et facile à scandaliser.*'

"In his treatise on the education of female children, he says, 'It is to

be lamented that children are impressed in the nursery with the belief of spectres, which disturbs and shakes their tender frame of mind. It is the duty of parents to suppress these anile instructions, and to implant on the opening and apprehensive intellect a cheerful idea of virtue: instead of which, every thing that relates to religion is represented and characterized with the stamp of terror. The child is frequently told, that a priest in a black cassock, *un pretre vetu de noir*, is coming to inflict some severe chastisement. Death is never mentioned but in terms the most apt to impress the young and innocent mind with horror; and every possible care is taken to picture religion with a formidable aspect.'

"In the same treatise, which has in view the education only of the higher order, Fenelon recommends to the female pupil (at a more advanced period) to observe the elegant simplicity of dress of the antique forms, particularly the statues of Greek and Roman women. 'I do not propose,' says Fenelon, 'that my fair disciple should be so affected as to adopt the Grecian attire; but I am persuaded, that in observing these graceful models, the eye would acquire a knowledge of genuine simplicity, and the mind would be endowed with an exquisite sensibility of taste.'

"They who are conversant in the writings of Fenelon, must have observed, how he dwells with complacency on the fundamental parts of christianity, and how he touches with an unassured and reluctant hand the characteristic distinctions of the catholic doctrine.

"In the splendid edition of his works at Amsterdam, the editor makes a similar remark in the preliminary discourse: '*Il passe fort légèrement sur certains dogmes épineux de son église, et les explique dans les termes les plus doux et les plus généraux qu'il peut trouver.*'

"His sentiments on toleration are beautifully delineated in a letter to the Duke of Beauvilliers, preceptor to the Duke of Burgundy:

'I understand that severe measures are going to be adopted respecting the Hugonots: this mode of proceeding is surely adverse to that principle of clemency which can ne-

“ ver be separated from genuine christianity. Religion must not be impressed upon the heart with violence, in the manner that a malefactor’s hand is seared with a hot iron. I trust, in case rigorous measures are to be pursued, the executive part will not devolve on you.”

“ During the campaign in Flanders, James the second, under the name of the chevalier de St. George, attended the army, and frequently visited the archbishop. Ramsay informs us, that he was present at one of these visits, and, in the course of the conversation, he says, the archbishop entreated his illustrious guest, in case he should ever reascend the throne of his ancestors, not to force his subjects to change their religion: ‘ No human power,’ said the virtuous prelate, ‘ was ever authorized to penetrate the recesses of the heart, and check the freedom of religious opinion.’”

“ Fenelon was much inclined to promote, after the evening service on Sundays, recreation and amusement among the villagers. A priest of a neighbouring hamlet having told the bishop one day, that, with much difficulty, he had at length suppressed the practice of dancing on a Sunday, the bishop replied, ‘ There is no occasion for you to dance, but why do you prevent your poor parishioners from withdrawing their thoughts for a few delusive moments on their unhappy state?’”

“ A gentleman in the bishop’s diocese having lost a valuable library by fire, retained a philosophic calmness, and observed, that he should have imbibed little knowledge and improvement from his books, had they not taught him how to bear the loss of them. The expression of the feeling prelate when he was deprived of his library by a similar accident, is more simple and affecting:

‘ I had rather hear,’ he said, ‘ that all my books had been consigned to the flames, than be told, that the hut of a poor family is reduced to ashes.’”

“ In one of his letters he reveals the amiableness of his mind, by observing, that whenever we are obliged to find fault, we ought to remember that correction is a remedy in which some of the ingredients are poisonous,

and, therefore, the chalice should be administered with a reluctant and trembling hand.

“ We cannot refrain from expressing a concern, that such purity of mind, that such great abilities, directed to the best of purposes, should fail of an extensive effect; but the mild and pious prelate was opposed by the rigourists, disgraced at Versailles, and condemned at Rome.

“ If we take a survey of the moral writers in England, at this period, we shall find Addison diffusing instruction winnowed from the arid chaff of unmitigated Calvinism, and inculcating a doctrine emanating from the evangelic page, with a commanding efficacy that at once satisfies the understanding and delights the heart. His contributory papers to the *Tatler* and *Spectator* frequently exhibit virtue arrayed in charms irresistibly attractive.

“ In the 220th *Tatler* he describes the moral thermometer, which happily illustrates the object in view, and insinuates instruction in a playful and engaging manner. The thermometer is introduced according to the following figure:

“ Ignorance  
Persecution  
Wrath  
Zeal  
Church  
Moderation  
Lukewarmness  
Infidelity  
Ignorance.

“ The reader,” says the amiable moralist, “ will observe, that the Church is placed in the middle point of the glass, between Zeal and Moderation, the situation in which she always flourishes, and in which every good Englishman wishes her, who is a friend to the constitution of his country. However, when it mounts to Zeal, it is not amiss, and when it sinks to Moderation, is still in a most admirable temper. The worst of it is, that when once it begins to rise, it has still an inclination to ascend, insomuch, that it is apt to climb from Zeal to Wrath, and from Wrath to Persecution, which always ends in Ignorance, and very often proceeds from it. In the same manner, it frequently takes its pro-

'gress through the lower half of the glass, and, when it has a tendency to fall, will gradually descend from Moderation to Lukewarmness, and from Lukewarmness to Infidelity, which very often terminates in Ignorance, and always proceeds from it.' p. 105.

We shall add the conclusion.

"I now enter my protest against the expositions of the New Testament with which we abound, because they wean the mind from a more nutritive sustenance, the simple and affecting language of our established version. The expositors offer us, for the beautiful narrative of the evangelists, a cold imitation, a diffuse and languid parody: they call to my recollection a passage in Aristophanes, where, bantering the Athenians on the eager attention they paid to lecturers, to literary paraphrasts, and prolix interpreters, he compares his countrymen to an infant who cannot relish his food unless it has been previously *munched* by the nurse.

"I am happy to find the learned author of the Philosophy of Rhetoric corresponding with my opinion: I transcribe the following passage from his valuable work. After having quoted from St. Luke, 'Consider the lilies, how they grow,' &c. he adds, 'Let us here adopt a little of the tasteless manner of modern paraphrasts, by the substitution of more general terms, one of their many expedients of infrigidating, and let us observe the effect produced by the change. Consider the flowers, how they gradually increase in their size; they do no manner of work, and yet I declare to you, that no king whatever, in his most splendid habit, is dressed up like them. If then God in his providence doth so adorn the vegetable productions, which continue but a little time on the land, and are afterwards put into the fire, how much more will he provide clothing for you?—How spiritless is the same sentiment rendered by these small variations? the very particularizing of to-day and to-morrow is infinitely more expressive of transitoriness than any description wherein the terms are general, that can be substituted in its room.'

"I shall now adduce some citations, illustrating my objection to the

labours of the expositor, and shall transcribe them from the Exposition of Mr. Gilpin, a gentleman to whom literature acknowledges various obligations: but the tyranny of a name must not overawe the investigation of truth. Although Mr. Gilpin is my text, my deductions apply to every expositor.

"A beautiful elegance of expression frequently occurs in the gospels, which no paraphrase can equal.

'St. Matthew, chap. v. ver. 27. 'Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery; but I say unto you, that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.'

"This hallowed observation, flowing from the lips of purity, and clothed in a language exquisitely adapted to the thought, is thus rendered by the expositor:

'The Jewish doctors confine the seventh commandment to the crime of adultery, but my institutions go farther: they set a guard upon the heart. The impure thought, when cherished, becomes guilt.'

'St. Matthew, chap. vi. ver. 19. 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.'

"The luminous simplicity of this passage, calculated to arrest the attention of a child, is paraphrased in this manner: 'Thus spiritualizing your minds, consider not your worldly treasures: they are liable to many accidents. But consider the enjoyments of a blessed futurity alone in this light, which are the only treasures not subject to change. And of this be assured, that wherever your treasure is, your heart and it will always be together.'

"Is the inelegant combination of words in the last lines, *your heart and it will always be together*, easier of interpretation than the corresponding passage in the evangelist, 'where your treasure is, there will your heart be also?'



" Mr. Gilpin remarks, page the 22d, that 'no exposition can do justice to the original in the concluding verses of the sixth chapter; but, for the sake of uniformity,' he adds, 'I am obliged to modernize them.'

" Does not this acknowledgment naturally suggest the question, why a paraphrase is adopted which necessarily excludes expressions and sentiments the best empowered to awaken the fine sensibilities?

" How animated is the reply of our Saviour to the disciples of John, in St. Matthew, chapter the eleventh:

" Go and shew again those things \* which ye do hear and see: the blind \* receive their sight, and the lame \* walk, the lepers are cleansed, and \* the deaf hear; the dead are raised \* up, and the poor have the gospel \* preached to them.'

" The spirit of this speech is totally lost in the stillness of the expositor's language.

" In the beautiful apostrophe to Jerusalem, the affecting imagery of the hen gathering her chickens under her wings is omitted in the exposition.

" With what majesty does our Saviour describe his coming to judge the world! with what a commanding efficacy he displays the leading virtue of the christian doctrine, charity!

" The correspondent verses of the expositor resemble a picture from which the warmth of colouring is departed.

" The treacherous colours the fair art betray,  
And all the bright creation fades away.

" The parable of the prodigal son is a story so luminously instructive, so interestingly related, the incidents are so happily selected, that Athenian literature has nothing parallel to offer. The expositor again confesses the insufficiency of his attempt, in a note (page 273): 'I have given the substance of the parable, but the beautiful simplicity of the original can be given in no words but its own.'

" The ancient combination of words which frequently occurs in our national version, diffuses over the evangelic pages a venerable air; while the warm appeals to the heart, with the softened majesty that pervades the whole, interest our feelings, excite and purify our affections. The expositor, like an unskilful picture-clean-

er, modernizes the garb of antiquity, chills the warmth, deadens the brilliancy, and effaces the beauty, of the original.

" In closing my observations on that illegitimate gospel, an exposition, I direct my attention to the puerilities of devotion, with the childish apprehensions and infantine imbecilities of a late celebrated moralist. An able pamphlet was published last year, entitled, 'An Inquiry into the moral Writings of Dr. Samuel Johnson,' in which they are considered as having by no means a tendency to promote the comfort and happiness of mankind. Of the doctor's religious papers the author entertains an higher opinion; but it should be remembered, that his religious belief is the cause of that effect of which the ingenious writer complains: that belief is the tree which produces the pernicious fruit. In the devotional papers of Johnson is to be found the spring that excited the movements of his morality: that spring was the terror he conceived at death, which darkened his apprehension, and invested his soul with an habitual religious cowardice. Thus constituted, however brilliant and expansive his intellectual powers were respecting other subjects, his mind, like the sensitive plant, recoiled and closed at the touch of religion; and was, consequently, as inadequate to take in the great benevolent scheme of christianity, as the flower-pot at his window was competent to contain the whole floral exuberance of spring.

" Another excellent pamphlet on the character of Dr. Johnson was printed for Dilly, 1792, in which the elaborate minutiae of Johnson's devotion are well delineated.

" I consider writers," says the Spectator, No. 582, "in the same view as William Ramsay does the heavenly bodies; some of them are stars that scatter light, as others do darkness: the latter he calls tenebrious." "In correspondence with this allusion, Johnson may be denominated a tenebrious star of the first magnitude; and this country may be said to have for some time been benighted by this antiluminary.

" To conclude: my wishes would be amply gratified, if, in recurring to first principles, before the christian doctrine was wrought into a complex



institution, I have been able to shew religion in the simplicity of her native excellence; if, to the timid, for the phantom of terror I have held up a comely and an attractive form; if, for the darkness of despondency, I have been the humble means of effusing over the mind the splendour of hope; and finally, if, in perusing these pages, some may be induced to enter the mild zone of christianity, who before apprehended it was the desolate habitation of winter." p. 153.

**XLI. SERMONS upon Subjects interesting to Christians of every denominations. By THOMAS TAYLER. Longman and Rees. 7s. boards.**

**THIS** volume contains *twenty-one* Sermons on the following subjects:—The Moral Improvement of God—Accountability to God for our religious opinions—Genuine religion distinguished from that which is counterfeit—The superior excellence of the righteous—The wisdom of doing every thing in its proper season—The present as our only state of trial—Duty and obligations of religious worship—Divine authority of the Christian sabbath—The piety and fortitude of Daniel—Daniel's miraculous deliverance—The manner of our Lord's teaching the purity of our Saviour's character—The crucifixion of our Lord—The disciples deserting their master—Imitation of Christ—Affection of Christians to each other, and Jonah's gourd. A specimen of the style and spirit of these truly excellent discourses shall be taken from that on these words—*Especially unto them who are of the Household Faith*—The preacher is speaking of the kindness of our Lord towards his disciples.

"There is, scarcely, any one duty which he more frequently and forcibly, urged upon the men whom he loved himself, than that of loving one another. This he calls, by way of eminence, 'his own, and his new commandment:' their conformity to it, constituted the distinguishing badge under which they were to appear in the world; and the further

they carried their attainments here, the higher, he assures them, they would rise in true glory. 'By this,' says he, (John xiii. 35.) 'shall all men know that ye are my disciples 'if ye have love one to another.' And again, (Matt. xx. 26, 27, 28.) 'whoever would be great amongst you, let him be your minister; and 'whoever will be chief amongst you, let him be your servant, even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to 'give his life a ransom for many.' Nay he tells them, (Matt. x. 42.) that whatever friendly offices they did for each other, he would consider as done to himself; and that the least costly act of this kind, even a cup of cold water, given to a disciple, in the name of a disciple, should not lose its reward. Those men, assuredly, can feel no real veneration for the authority of Christ, whatever professions they make of attachment to him, who live in the neglect of a duty which he has so forcibly enjoined.

"It should be further considered, that such a tender concern for our fellow-disciples, as the text recommends, will afford a striking proof, and is, indeed, the natural fruit and effect of the affection we bear to our common Lord and Master.—The natural feelings of the human mind, or a mere regard to character and reputation in the world, may prompt men to do many acts of general kindness and benevolence to others. But it is scarcely conceivable that a man should feel himself peculiarly interested for the disciples of Christ, because they are his disciples; and, for that reason, be disposed to do them every kind office in his power, without feeling, at the same time, an ardent affection for their Master. Our Lord plainly supposes this, when he says, to animate us in such acts of Christian affection for each other, 'in as much as ye did it to one of 'the least of these my servants, ye 'did it unto me,' q. d. I am the friend ye loved and relieved, in the persons of my afflicted followers: and though they cannot reward you, I will: 'enter ye into the joy of your 'Lord.' And how powerful an argument does this consideration suggest to quicken us in every good word and work!

"Were our compassionate Redeemer himself a sojourner, now, upon earth, as he once was, encompassed with human infirmities and wants, not knowing where to lay his head; who amongst us would not thankfully receive him into our houses, and provide him with every accommodation he needed, at any expence or inconvenience to ourselves? And how highly honoured should we think ourselves by the presence and converse of such a guest! But he does not, now, need our help; nor can he be personally profited by any services we are capable of rendering him. There are, however, those in the world, for whose welfare he is peculiarly interested; and what we do for them, he will consider as done to himself: to our affectionate attention he particularly recommends them. Can any other consideration be needed to engage our utmost exertion in their favour? Shall he who has done and suffered so much for our sake, and to whom we must look for the grant of heavenly blessedness, if ever we obtain it—Shall so kind and powerful a friend, ask our relief for his afflicted followers; and do we ungratefully refuse, or, unwilling, and with a niggardly hand, comply? Fruitless and vain, then, are our loudest professions of affection for him. 'For he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, and our Redeemer, whom he hath not seen?'

"I wish you, also, seriously to consider, that by expressing an active concern for the interest of our fellow-disciples, we shall not only discover a genuine affection for the person of our common Master, but take the most likely method to advance his cause in the world. No family or community upon earth, can justly be expected to prosper, where the several members feel little, or no regard for one another. In order to promote the common good, they must be studious of each other's welfare. And never can we reasonably hope that the church of Christ will extend, far and wide, it's triumphs amongst men, and become the praise and glory of the whole earth, till Christians, of different parties, learn to love one another, with a pure heart servently. By this means, they would soon

remove the prejudices and censures which their illfounded and angry contentions have unhappily occasioned; and both recommend themselves, and the doctrine they profess, to the esteem of all around them. The zeal which is, now, too often injuriously expended, in weakening each other's hands, would then be usefully employed in strengthening them; and their united endeavours to promote the common cause of Christ in the world, would not fail, we might justly hope, to be accompanied with a divine blessing, that must ensure success. Before the gospel obtains that universal spread, which the word of prophecy encourages us to expect, and, as preparatory to it, such an union of hearts and endeavours, I am persuaded, will take place; nor, can I think that the honour of being employed in accomplishing so desirable an event, is reserved for the sole possession of any one party amongst us. Let us, my brethren, do every thing we can, in our respective stations, to prepare the way for the arrival of a period of such immense importance, by exercising ourselves, and promoting amongst others, a temper and spirit most friendly to it's approach. And whilst we do good *unto all men*, as we have opportunity; let us cherish in our breasts, and exhibit in our conduct, a peculiar affection for those that belong to *the household of faith*. I will only add,

4. The offices of sympathy and friendship which the disciples of Christ do for each other, in this world of discipline and suffering, will lay a foundation for mutual congratulations, and eternal thanksgivings, in the general assembly of the blessed.

"The benefit which other men receive from the acts of kindness we do them, will terminate with this life. But, by assisting our fellow-travellers, under the difficulties and hardships they suffer in their way to life eternal, we provide subjects of pleasing and grateful review, both to them and ourselves, which will never be forgotten.—'During this, and the other stage of my mortal pilgrimage,' (will many a glorified spirit then say) 'I was involved in straits and difficulties, which greatly depressed my heart; endangered

my faith in God and Providence, and almost reduced me to despair. I begun to think myself deserted by my Divine Leader; and took every step with trembling. But the kind hand of a sympathizing friend, whom my condescending Master provided, brought me the relief I needed,—dispelled my fearful apprehensions,—and enabled me to hold on my way rejoicing. And there, (thankfully acknowledging the gracious reward of his Christian charity) stands the happy being to whose seasonable interposition I am so greatly indebted.—Nor less pleasing will the review be, to those who were employed in dispensing relief, than to those who received it: both shall rejoice eternally together. But who can describe or conceive the mutual congratulations which shall pass between them? With what unutterable delight will they then look back upon scenes which were once the occasion of bitter sorrow? And with what fervent gratitude will they look up to that all-gracious Being who has converted their heart-wounding fears, and lamentations, into songs of everlasting triumph and joy! Let us, my Christian friends, so faithfully improve every opportunity we enjoy for lightening the burdens and invigorating the hearts of our fellow-travellers in the path of life, that we may meet them with such feelings of gratitude and triumph in that better state where we hope to live eternally together. And let none who shall obtain a place there, under whatever opprobrious name they passed upon earth, have it in their power to say, that we ever refused them any friendly service which they needed, and which we were capable of rendering them. Amen." p. 434.

XLII. TRAVELS IN SPAIN, in 1797 and 1798. By FREDERICK AUGUSTUS FISCHER. With an Appendix, on the Method of Travelling in that country. Translated from the German. 8vo. 400 pages. Longman and Rees.

THIS work consists of forty-five letters, in which will be found  
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many curious particulars respecting Spain. The *Sketch of Madrid* will be acceptable to our readers.

Madrid is situated in the centre of Spain, and on all sides almost equally distant from the sea. It stands higher than any other town, on an unequal plain, at some distance from the river Manzanares. It presents three principal views, the one toward the road to San Sebastian, a second from the heights before the gate of Alcala, and the third from a hill before the port of Segovia: they have all different characters, but the last appears to me the finest. It is from thence, that the city is seen in its greatest extent; to the eastward the gardens of the Retiro, the Prado, and the other plantations on the bank of the river; to the westward, the new palace, the rows of trees along the river, and some country houses. The eye then pursues the course of the Manzanares, with its bridges and canals, and in the distance appear the lofty mountains of Guadarrama, covered with snow.

Madrid forms an irregular square, of which two sides look toward the river, and the other two to the country. The town is surrounded by a wall of no great thickness, but tolerably high, and built of mud. It is easy to walk round it in three hours and a half. A line drawn from the *Puerta de Fuencarral* to that of *Toledo* divides the city in two parts lengthways, and the distance is an hour and a quarter. Another line, drawn from the *Puerta de Alcala* to that of *Segovia*, divides the city transversely, and is a walk of nearly three quarters of an hour. According to the last accounts by Lopez, in his *Geografia moderna*, the number of inhabitants, excepting the garrison, the hospitals, and children, amounts to 130,980, occupying 7100 houses, and it contains 77 churches, 44 monasteries, and 31 convents. Most of the churches and monasteries are not detached buildings, but adjoining to other edifices.

The old houses are almost all of wood, but the new ones of granite, which is brought from a distance of sixteen or eighteen leagues. The old houses rarely exceed four stories, but the new have five or six. The former are decorated with paintings, repre-

senting bull fights, dancers, &c. in which the ancient costume is displayed: the others are quite simple, and almost all painted yellow. The old windows are high and narrow, the balconies small, the front-pieces projecting; but the new are quite the contrary, they are all in the Italian style, but there is no scarcity of images of saints, crucifixes, and madonnas.

" This mixture of old and new buildings is particularly striking in places remarkable for their magnificence or deformity: thus, for instance, in the street of *Alcala*, or near the custom-house, which is a superb edifice, you find an old mean building, and opposite to it, awkward, unsightly erections: and in the street called *Strada de la Concepcion* are several magnificent edifices by the side of others that resemble old barracks. The street of *Alcala*, the *Red de San Luis*, the street of *San Hieronimo*, are, undeniably, the finest and most animated, but they are disfigured by many old buildings: the streets of *Toledo*, *Segovia*, and the *Calle mayor*, with its low arcades, consist in great measure of old and displeasing buildings, though here and there we find a few new and tolerably regular edifices; in the first of these streets are even some waste spots. The celebrated square of *Puerta del Sol* is decorated on one side by the great and magnificent building of the post-office, called *el Correo*, but the two others are full of disgusting old houses, two of which were, till lately, shored up, though they are at last pulled down; and as for the *Plaza mayor*, descriptions of which are every where to be found, to admire it we must forget the fine squares of other capitals; but, all comparisons apart, a square closed on all sides, and destitute of every prospect, does not appear to me calculated to embellish a great city. However, as I am not giving you a topographical description of Madrid, I shall refer you to the map sold here by every printseller, and to which the following work serves as a key: '*Madrid a la vista, o descripcion general compendiosa que muestra quantos tiemplos, fundaciones religiosas, quarteles, barrios, manzanas, calles, casas, cuencios, tiendas, y operarios continene, arreglado el dia 10 de Diciembre*

de 1797.' This map is superior to the copy of it in Bourgoanne, on account of the names that have been added, as well as of its neater execution; and the work, which is closely printed, contains the most modern accounts, more particularly those of Ponz, in his travels, and of Lopez, in his description of the province of Madrid.

" Let us now take a view of one of the most animated streets, as, for instance, the *Red de San Luis*. What a varied crowd! what a confusion of sounds! Women in black, and veiled; men in long cloaks, water-carriers, fruit-sellers, magnificent equipages, dusty diligences, light calesas, waggons drawn by mules, and groaning under an enormous weight, a multitude of asses with their pack-saddles and bells, and herds of goats, with peasants going from door to door to milk them; further on, blind musicians singing their *tornadillas* or popular songs, and alguazils, crying the orders of police, a crowd of gallegos or porters, processions of chaplets, guards following the drum, or confraternities escorting a funeral and singing psalms, the tinkling of bells at all the neighbouring churches, and, lastly, the solemn procession of the *venerable* or host, when, the bells of the children of the choir being heard, every one kneels down, all tongues are silent, and all hats off, all the carriages stop, and the tumultuous mass seems instantaneously petrified; but two minutes are scarcely elapsed before the accustomed clangor is renewed.

" In the centre of Madrid, a spot which is used as a place of assemblage by all the inhabitants, and as a general rendezvous by all persons of business, is the square I have already mentioned, called *la Puerta del Sol*, (or Sun-gate) in which the most frequented streets terminate, as the *Red de San Luis*, the *Calle-mayor*, and that of *San Hieronimo*.

" The public squares are used throughout Spain as promenades and places of assemblage. The small towns, and even the villages, are not without such an open space, which is, generally, in front of the church. It is there the Spaniards recreate themselves after their labours, or enjoy the warmth of the sun in winter, and even



those who scarcely ever quit the town regularly resort there. From this you may easily conceive the appearance of such a spot in the centre of the metropolis.

"It has struck eleven—and a troop of officers of the guard, with brilliant accoutrements, monks in black cloaks, charming women in veils embroidered with gold, holding the arms of their *cortejos*, and a party coloured crowd of all kinds, wrapped up in their cloaks, pour from every street to read the advertisements and posting-bills (*noticias sueltas*): 'To-day there will be a sermon and music at the Franciscans; there will be an opera, and such and such plays: to-morrow there will be a bull-fight, or the novena of San Felipe commences: lost yesterday, at the Prado, a little girl, and, this morning, a chaplet: stolen, three days ago, such a d such a jewel—if it has been taken through want, and if the thief will restore it by his confessor, he shall receive a handsome reward: the day after to-morrow will be sold by auction a large crucifix, an image of the Madonna, and a *nacimento* (or case, containing the infant Jesus, with the two other Persons of the Trinity, in wood, plaster, &c.): this evening the procession of the rosary will set out about eight o'clock.'

"Meanwhile the square is constantly filling, so that it becomes very difficult to pass. Here, are criers of journals, stunning the passengers with their noise, people reading the gazette for a *quarto* (a farthing), Walloon and Swiss guards offering goods for sale, hackney-coaches plying for fares, old clothesmen, cobblers, sharpers, sellers of images and cigars, and hucksters of all kinds tormenting the passengers; there, a numerous circle crowd round an ingenious memorialista or notary, a very profitable occupation and abounding in every street, for nothing is to be obtained by verbal applications, even to a passport, for which a *memorialito* must pass through an infinity of offices; and there, a *loto* with a dial to be pulled, next him, a juggler with dancing monkeys, and farther on, goods selling by auction; women ogling the passengers also mingle with the crowd, while capuchins, with long beards, parade with gravity and solemnity: here you are attacked by a couple of ballad-singers, and

there annoyed by an importunate beggar—to all which is added the noise of carriages and calesas, and of the neighbouring fountain re-echoing with the loud hallooing voices of the water-carriers.

"This place is far more noisy still on Sundays and holidays, when crowds of people are flocking to the neighbouring churches. It is the fashion to pass these days in the square, and many a fair who has missed her lover at church is sure to find him here. The groups then crowd upon each other to the very gates of the church, and every one appears in his best apparel.

"But it strikes *one*, and the crowd disappears; the porters range themselves near the houses to sleep the siesta or eat their dinner; all the shops are shut, at the corners of the streets the hucksters cover their stalls and stretch themselves beside them on the pavement, the place is cleared, the most noisy streets are quite deserted and dead, and a solitary passenger is rarely seen. But no sooner does the bell ring for vespers, than all is life again, and at four o'clock the place is crowded anew.

"At this time ladies of easy access issue forth from their retreats, spreading on all sides, and no modest woman dares to be seen abroad without her *cortejo* or her *duenna*, and, frequently, both. The former is the same as a *cicisbeo*, of whom I shall speak hereafter; the latter was formerly a severe governess, or guardian, of the wife, paid by the husband, and frequently chosen from among his relations, but now a mere lady's maid. The women I was speaking of however are free from this slavery. Their light and bold walk, their short and fluttering petticoats, of which the long and transparent fringe exposes to view at every step a delicate and beautiful leg, those enticing veils, which rather display than conceal their charms, their large nosegays, and the coquetish play of their fans, characterize these dangerous syrens. A word or a look, however cursory, suffice to produce an assignation, which is afterwards settled more at leisure in some neighbouring street.

"The first-rate demireps, who still keep up external appearances, generally take with them a little girl,



eight or ten years old, who serves as their duenna, and, proud of their charms, they wait till due homage is paid them. Those of the second class, who go alone, use less reserve; they smile with grace, and employ the most seducing allurements they possess.

"At this time come the venders of cool water (*aguadores*), crying, 'agua fresca! agua fresquita! quien bebe? quien quiere? Aora viene de la fuente!' 'Cool water, nice cool water! Who drinks? who wants any water, just fresh from the fountain?' These men carry on their shoulders a large stone pitcher, fastened on with leather thongs, and keep goblets in tin vessels to drink out of: it is sold at a farthing the glass. Also orange-girls (*naranjeras*), crying, 'Naranjas, naranjas! dos por tres quartos! por tres quartos dos!' 'Oranges! oranges! two for three farthings, for three farthings two!' The flower-girls (*roseras*); 'Tome vm! tome vm! senorito, senorita! tres por un quarto! que hermosas! que ricas! el manojito un quarto! que hermosas yo las tengo.' 'Take some, take some, dear sir, dear madam! three for a farthing! how beautiful! how rich! a farthing a handful! how beautiful they are! The chaise-drivers (*caleseros*); 'Un calesin, senor? quantos assientos? tome vm; que calesin y que caballo yo tengo! vamos senor! una buelta al canal o adonde vm quiera.' 'A chaise, sir! how many seats? come, sir! what a chaise and what a horse are mine! come, sir, a turn to the canal, or wherever you please.' The news-venders; 'Gazetta nova, gazetta nova? No tengo mas que media dozena. Quien quiere la ultima gazetta? Tome vm, la ultima que tengo.' 'The new gazette, the new gazette! I have only half a dozen left! Who will have the last gazette? Take it, sir, the last I have.' And, lastly, the beggars; 'Senor, una limosina! por Maria santissima! una limosina a este pobrecito, que no puede ganar! una limosina por los dolores de Maria santissima!' 'Sir, your charity, for the love of the holy virgin! your charity to a poor man that cannot work! your charity by the pains of the holy virgin!' Then, by degrees, the various equipages go to the theatres or the Prado, and, on

all sides, company in chariots, on mules, and on borricos. At length it is twilight, the bells ring for the angelus, the lamps are lighted before the madonas, and in the houses, while the wine-sellers and lemonade-sellers light up their shops, and every where are seen little tables with French rolls and paper lanterns. 'Que ricos! que tiernecitos! que blanditos!' 'How rich! how fresh! how soft!' The noise of the passengers, the rumbling of carriages increases every moment, and the whole square is full of people. Here guitars and voleros are heard, there a ballad-singer, singing the last new ballad and stories of men hanged; then a vigorous copper-coloured missionary, preaching to a penitent populace, while his audience are appointing assignations.

"A third class of courtizans are now in full display, all having now left their hovels and garrets; and, having fortified their courage in some tippling house (*botelleria*), they advance in high spirits into the square. 'Ah hijo de mi alma!' exclaim they, throwing their arms round the neck of the first man they meet, and covering his mouth with kisses; 'Como va? como te hallas, querido? Quieres ver mi quitito? Saves que tengo una camita? No se ha visto camita semejante!' To which they add gestures that would make you blush even in the dark. And yet these women are frequently not destitute of wit and talents, and often have their heads full of verses, which they recite. These scenes take place at the corner of the post-house (*el correo*), and of the Red de San Luis, till the procession of the rosary, with its lanterns, or the guard from the corps-de-garde, disperses them for a few moments.

#### "LETTER XXIX.

"Let us now take a view of the promenades of Madrid. We will begin by the most celebrated, namely, the Prado (pronounce Pra-o).

"The Prado is a walk about three quarters of an hour long, and is situated almost at the extremity of the town, which it intersects from the gate of the Recoletos to that of Atocha. The walks here are likewise intersected by the street of San Hieronimo, that of the Jardin Botanico, and that of Atocha. Its entrance and first

division, from the Puerta de Recoletos as far as the street of Alcala, is narrow, having only one avenue of trees running along beside the great street, and at the extremity is a superb fountain, whither people rarely go. The second part, from the street of Alcala to that of San Hieronimo, has in the middle a broad avenue, that follows the road, furnished with benches, and adorned with an antique fountain. The third part, from the street of San Hieronimo to that of the Jardin Botanico, is narrower, and has only two avenues on the sides which inclose the road between them, and a fountain at each end. The fourth part, from the street of the Jardin Botanico to that of Atocha, pursues the same line along the fosse, and at the end is another fountain. Independently of the principal entry, which intersects the whole Prado, there is another on the right side, both lined with houses and gardens.

"The first appearance of the Prado, beginning from the calle de Alcala, is very grand; the breadth of the street, the palaces, the monasteries, with their terraces, and the other edifices, all of fine architecture, the view of the magnificent gate to which one of the avenues leads, the four rows of large tufted trees, and the superb fountains of marble, all these objects produce a very striking effect. The same may be said of the view from the street of San Hieronimo, which presents, at its entrance, a palace, a magnificent hospital, and two superb monasteries, and, in front, the royal residence of Buen Retiro. The third point of view, from the street of the Jardin Botanico, is more confined, and has nothing in it remarkable. That from the calle de Atocha is extremely animated, and the eye plunges into a long avenue, extending as far as the monastery of San-Thomas.

"The embellishment of the Prado, as is well known, was the work of the Conde de Aranda. The soil opposed the greatest obstacles to such plantations, but these have been overcome by means of an artificial irrigation, effected at a very considerable expence. For this purpose, small canals, a foot in breadth and depth, have been cut among the trees, and are every day supplied from the fountains. Round each tree is a small circular

fosse, in which the water is retained, till it mounts high enough to run off into the next canal. Thus the trees, which are mostly elms and chestnuts, continually preserve their verdure.

"The clock strikes four, and the siesta is past.—The walks of the Prado are watered, the venders of sweetmeats and oranges appear, the chaise-drivers arrange their calesas, the walkers are dispersed up and down the avenues, coaches pass to occupy the middle road and gradually become more numerous, the dragoons appointed to keep order arrive at their post, the files of carriages begin to form, growing longer and longer every moment, and presently hundreds of them begin to move gently along, while the middle is filled with gentlemen on horseback.

"Nothing can be more interesting than this sight is rendered by the novelty of the scene. It is here that equipages of all kinds are displayed in the most ancient and most modern tastes, from the chariot of parade to the most miserable fiacre: this forms a most singular contrast, both in individuals and in the general appearance of the whole. Here, we see an elegant vis-a-vis drawn by a pair of decrepid mules, with halters on their heads, and harnessed with cords; there, fine coursers, with English accoutrements, drawing a heavy Gothic coach, a troop of powdered lacquies and a dirty coachman in a grey cloak, the most ridiculous assemblage of colours in the liveries, and the strangest paintings and grotesque shapes, together with a profusion of vulgar gilding and other ornaments; in short, a barbarous mixture of every thing the most discordant. I will venture to assert, that among near two hundred carriages that passed in review before us, we did not observe ten that were tolerable, or such as may be seen in the great capitals of Germany, as, for instance, at Berlin, and, above all, there were not twenty drawn by horses, mules being generally preferred, because they bear fatigue better. In addition to this, there is suspended behind each carriage a small painted footstool, to be placed under the step when the company choose to get out.

"The appearance of the company within is no less interesting. They are indeed very completely seen, be-

cause the side pannels are taken out or formed of glass. The veil, the *basquina* petticoat, and, in a word, the whole Spanish costume, have now disappeared; the ladies vie with each other in the fashion and adjustment of their dress, they are all transformed into Greeks, and the nudities, for which the climate is an excuse, are authorized by the examples of their models.

"What vivacity! what art! what a struggle to attract attention, to bow to one another, to be observed, and to make mutual signs! Young girls with their duennas, belles with their cortejos, old dukes with their confessors, nurses with their children, priests with pampered faces, officers full of impudence, old mummies of duchesses, and young children playing! But how shall I pourtray a moving picture, that changes every moment? Here, are lacques running to perform their masters' orders, company on foot going up to the carriages to say sweet things to the ladies, some carriages quitting the rank, and replaced by others; there, a restive mule disturbing the whole train, the dragoons prancing on all sides, people on horseback crossing, beggars and fruit-sellers following the carriages, and no object remaining a single moment in the same posture.

"The seats, which extend from the botanic garden to the other end of the Prado, are all occupied by the party-coloured crowd of spectators, as well as the chairs in the principal avenue, which swarms with people walking. The lateral avenues of Buen Retiro, and the green sward at the upper end, are equally full. The water-carriers go crying out along the middle of the avenues, the patroles silently walk along them. The people on foot return gaily from the promenade, the whole Prado resounds with a kind of buzzing murmur, and if the veils of the women and the men's cloaks admitted of more variety, it would be completely charming.

"But twilight at length comes on, the bells ring for the angelus, when the whole company become as fixed as statues, and every carriage stops. The prayer being finished, they again begin to move, and carriages obstruct every street. At this hour the tertullas commence, and the Prado be-

gins to be more tranquil; but this voluptuous obscurity, the magic play of the moon's shadows, the balmy odours of the botanic garden, and the harmonious sounds of guitars, still detain the foreigner, till the deepening shades and a universal calm induce him to retire.

"There is another promenade in the neighbourhood of the Prado, the garden of Retiro, that vast but uninteresting palace, so well known to all the world. Although this garden daily falls off, yet it still retains some charms: its elevated situation, which commands a part of the Prado, the town, and neighbouring country, its pure and refreshing air, its fine avenues of trees and pleasing groves, a large sheet of water, and several smaller basins, the shady mall, and a superb menagerie of foreign animals, the great porcelain manufactory, and the artificers' dwellings, every night attract a great deal of company, who sometimes crowd each other much, in the walks along the water-side and the great mall.

"It is the first class that principally frequents this garden, because an entire freedom in dress prevails there, and, more particularly, because the women are obliged, by an ancient order of count Aranda, which is rigorously observed, to unveil on entering; hence, the fashions and changes of dress may here be viewed at once. As to the men, they are also subject to a particular law, which, however, is by no means oppressive, that of taking off their hats for a few moments when they enter the garden, which the sentinels are so attentive to enforce, that to every stranger who is ignorant of this usage they call out, 'Senor, a la entrada se quita el sombrero.' 'On entering here, sir, you must take off your hat.'

"There is a third promenade, formed by the avenues of trees, extending from the gate of Atocha to the Manzanares, called el Paseo de las delicias, one of which leads directly by the bridge over the canal to the river; the other turns off to the right, crosses the fields, and again joins the former near the canal. The trees, which are well kept up, are lofty and tufted, and the place commands a view of a rich and verdant plain, watered by an infinity of small fosses.

"Both persons of fashion and the common people frequent this promenade, the former before they go in their carriages to the Prado, the latter on Sundays. The principal object is to breathe a cooler and purer air; hence, carriages are always seen waiting, while the company are walking in the great meadow that runs along the Manzanares. This last promenade is crowded, especially on Sundays, with persons of every description, who pass the afternoon in dancing, eating, and playing at pelota, and other games.

"There is another very agreeable avenue, before you arrive at the gate of Atocha, turning to the left at the end of the Prado: it leads to a Carthusian monastery. But this walk is rather solitary, and it is only when the number of carriages at the Prado is very great, that the ranks extend hither, and that but very rarely.

"Out of the gate to the left you pass before some very fine gardens, which are full of vegetables, and each watered by a kind of chain-pump, and a thick shady avenue leads along the edge of the fields to the gate of Alcalá. The scenery here is pleasant and rural, consisting of farms, sheep at pasture, husbandmen guiding the plough, and the great road, which is full of passengers and carriages.

"These are the promenades to the eastward: I shall now describe the western parts, out of the gate called la Puerta de Segovia.

"Before traversing the superb bridge, which is worthy of a fine river, the traveller may turn to the right, along an avenue of trees leading to the palace of Prado. To the left he will see the coppice of the Manzanares, near which, upon a height, is the new royal palace. However various may be the judgments of architects relative to that, as yet, unformed mass, all agree that in this point of view it produces a disagreeable effect. A dead wall in ruins, with a few houses of no great appearance rising above it, a mean gate, and a dirty sand-hill, are not the embellishments we expect to adorn the approaches to a building intended for the residence of the first personages of the state.

"But let us pursue our route, which now leaves the Manzanares.

The road is enlivened by fine gardens on both sides, and the scenery is pleasing and rural. Here and there are chapels, farms, houses of rustic entertainment, and we breathe the pure air from the Guadarrama mountains.

"To return home we descend into the valley, where a small river runs in various narrow channels. In this part are seen several delightful groves, and, on the banks of the different channels, an infinity of washerwomen, each having her separate washing-place, where they extend their linen in summer, and all the neighbourhood is full of huts for washing and places for drying clothes. But without seeing the spot it is impossible to form an idea of the tumultuous chattering of so many washerwomen assembled together.

"The back part of this avenue, which is bounded by several meadows, serves on Sundays as a place of assembly and of recreation for the middling class who inhabit the western part of the capital, at which times the whole plain is covered with people taking their refreshments on the turf, playing at pelota or at cards, and dancing boleros.

"To the left of the gate of Segovia we soon come to a pleasant road leading to fertile fields, and commanding a view of the cultivated hills to the right, beyond the Manzanares. This road insensibly ascends, and to the left are seen some tippling houses, where the soldiers of the Swiss regiments are accustomed to assemble to play at different games. All languages are heard there, but the German is most prevalent, and the sides of the road are seldom without spectators.

"Farther on to the right are a still greater number of rural houses of entertainment. Those who go there to drink, sit along the road, or under arbours shaded with branches of fir, where they gaily pour libations to the god of wine. But presently the Manzanares and neighbouring banks are again discovered, then the magnificent bridge of Toledo, and, in the distance, the vineyard-houses, which join the farthest of the washerwomen's huts. Proceeding still in a straight line we come again to the paseo de las delicias, of which I have already given you a description.

"By this sketch you will perceive



that most of the environs of Madrid are not so naked or so dreary as they were, perhaps, thirty years ago. To the northward and eastward, also, are fields mostly cultivated, and by degrees the inhabitants will level the banks of sand and of calcareous earth that still remain. When we reflect on the difficulties arising from a barren soil, a burning climate, and the scarcity of water, we cannot sufficiently applaud the assiduity and zeal bestowed by government on the embellishment of the metropolis." p. 154.

XLIII. TRAVELS of Four Years and a half in the United States of America; during 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801, and 1802. Dedicated, by permission, to Thomas Jefferson, esq. President of the United States. By JOHN DAVIS. 8vo. 450 pages. Ss. Ostell.

MR. Davis, in this amusing account of his travels, wanders through almost every part of the United States, and gives a free sketch of the customs and manners by which they are distinguished. His landing at Charlestown and his seeking the situation of a private tutor, is thus humourously told.

"I landed at Charleston with doctor De Bow, who had clad himself in his black suit, and, though a young man, wore a monstrous pair of spectacles on his nose. Adieu jollity! adieu laughter! the doctor was without an acquaintance on a strange shore, and he had no other friend but his solemnity to recommend him. It was to no purpose that I endeavoured to provoke him to laughter by my remarks, the physician would not even relax his risible muscles into a smile.

"The Doctor was right. In a few days he contrived to hire part of a house in Union street, obtained credit for a considerable quantity of drugs, and only wanted a chariot to equal the best physician in Charleston.

"The doctor was in possession of a voluble tongue; and I furnished him with a few Latin phrases, which he dealt out to his hearers with an air of profound learning. He generally

concluded his speeches with "*Nullus addictus jurare in verba magistri!*"

"Wishing for some daily pursuit, I advertised in one of the papers for the place of tutor in a respectable family, not omitting to observe, that the advertiser was the translator of Buonaparte's Campaign in Italy. The editor of the gazette assured me of an hundred applications, and that early the next morning I should not be without some. His predictions were verified; for the following day, on calling at the office, I found a note left from a planter who lived a mile from the town, desiring me to visit him that afternoon at his house. I went thither accordingly. Every thing indicated opulence and ease. Mr. H— received me with the insolence of prosperity. You are, said he, the person who advertised for the place of tutor in a respectable family? I answered with a bow.

"Planter. What, Sir, are your qualifications?

"Tutor. I am competently skilled, sir, in the Latin and French languages, not unacquainted with Greek, conversant with geography, and accustomed to composition in my vernacular idiom.

"Planter. But if you possess all that *there* learning, how comes it you could not get into some college or school?

"Tutor. Why, sir, it is found even in colleges, that dunces triumph, and men of letters are disregarded by a general combination in favour of dulness.

"Planter. Can you *drive* well, sir?"

"Tutor. *Drive*, sir, did you say, sir? I really do not comprehend you.

"Planter. I mean, sir, can you keep your scholars in order?

"Tutor. Yes, sir, if they are left entirely to my direction.

"Planter. Ah! that would not be. Mrs H—, who is a woman of extensive learning, (she lost a fine op-

"\* The term *drive*, requires some little note, explanatory to the English reader. No man forgets his original trade. An overseer on a plantation, who preserves subordination among the negroes, is said to *drive well*; and Mr. H— having once been an overseer himself, the phrase very naturally predominated in his mind.



portunity once of learning French, and only a few years ago could write the best hand of any lady in Charleston,) Mrs. H— would superintend your management of the school.

"Tutor. Mrs. H—, sir, would do me honour.

"Planter. Mrs. H—, sir, is, in the real sense of the word, a woman of literature, and her eldest daughter is a prodigy for her age; she could tell at nine years old whether a pudding was boiled enough; and now, though only eleven, can repeat Pope's Ode on Solitude by heart. Ah! Pope was a *pretty* poet; my wife is very fond of Pope. You have read him, I make no doubt, sir, what is your opinion of his works?

"Tutor. In his Rape of the Lock, sir, he exhibits most of the *vis imaginandi* that constitutes the poet; his Essay on Criticism is scarcely inferior to Horace's Epistle to the Pisces; his Satires—

"Planter. But I am surprised, sir, you bestow no praise on his Ode on Solitude. Mrs. H—, who is quite a critic in those matters, allows the Ode on Solitude to be his best, his noblest, his sublimest production.

"Tutor. Persuaded, sir, of the critical acuteness of Mrs. H—, it is not safe to depart from her in opinion; and if Mrs. H— affirms the Ode on Solitude to be the sublimest of Mr. Pope's productions, it would be rather painful than pleasant to undeceive her in opinion.

"Planter. That is right, sir, I like to see young men *mo est*. What spelling-book do you use?

"Tutor. What spelling-book, sir? Indeed—really—upon my word, sir, any—oh! Noah Webster's, sir.

"Planter. Ah! I perceive you are a New England man, by giving the preference to Noah Webster.

"Tutor. Sir, I beg your pardon, I am from Old England.

"Planter. Well, no matter for that; but Mrs. H—, who is an excellent speller, never makes use of any other but Matthew Carey's spelling-book. It is a valuable work, the copyright is secured. But here comes Mrs. H— herself.

"Mrs. H— now entered, followed by a negro girl, who held a peacock's feather in her hand. Mrs. H— received my bow with a mutilated cur-

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tesy, and, throwing herself on a sofa, called peremptorily to Prudence to brush the flies from her face. There was a striking contrast between the dress of the lady and her maid; the one was tricked out in all the finery of fashion, while the black skin of the other peeped through her garments.

"Well, my dear, said Mr. H—, this young man is the person who advertised for the place of tutor in a respectable family: a little conversation will enable you to judge whether he is qualified to instruct our children in the branches of a liberal education.

"Mrs. H. Why, independent of his literary attainments, it will be necessary for him to produce certificates of his conduct. I am not easily satisfied in my choice of a tutor; a *body* should be very cautious in admitting a stranger to her family. This gentleman is young, and young men are very frequently addicted to bad habits: some are prone to late hours; some to hard drinking; and some to *Negrar* girls: the last propensity I could never forgive.

"Mr. H. Yes, my dear, you discharged Mr. Spondee, our last tutor, for his intimacy with the *Negrar* girls: Prudence had a little one by him.—Prudence looked reproachfully at her master: the child was, in reality, the offspring of Mr. H—, who, fearing the inquiries of the world on the subject, fathered it upon his last tutor. But they must have been blind who could not discover that the child was sprung from Mr. H—, for it had the same vulgar forehead, the same vacant eye, and the same idiot laugh.

"Mr. H. Do, my dear, examine the young man a little on literary matters. He seems to have read Pope.

"Mrs. H. What, sir, is your opinion of Mr. Pope's Ode on Solitude?

"Tutor. It is a tolerable production, madam, for a child.

"Mrs. H. A tolerable production for a child! Mercy on us! It is the *most sublimest* of his productions. But tastes sometimes differ. Have you read the words of Dr. Johnson? Which do you approve the most?

"Tutor. Why, madam, if you allude to his poems, I should, in conformity with your judgment, give a decided preference to his Epitaph on a Duck, written, if I mistake not,

when he was four years old. It need scarcely fear competition with Pope's Ode on Solitude.

"At this moment the eldest daughter of this learned lady, of this unsexed female, tripped into the room on light, fantastic toe. Come, my daughter, said the lady, let this gentleman hear you repeat the Ode on Solitude.

"Excuse me, madam, cried I, taking up my hat and bowing.

"Do hear the child, hawled Mr. H.—I pray you, sir, to excuse me, rejoined I.

"Mrs. H. It will not take the child ten minutes.

"Tutor. Ten minutes, madam, are the sixth part of an hour, that will never return!

"Mr. H. Politeness dictates it.

"Tutor. Excuse me, I entreat you, sir.

"Mr. H. I cannot excuse you, I shall hire you as tutor, and I have a right to expect from you submission. I may perhaps give you the sum of fifty pounds a year.

"Don't mention it, sir, said I: there again you will have the goodness to excuse me. Madam, your most obedient. Miss, your very obsequious. Sir, your humble servant."

"My walk back to Charleston was along the shore of the Atlantic, whose waves naturally associated the idea of a home I despaired ever again to behold. Sorrow always begets in me a disposition for poetry; and the reflections that obtruded themselves in my lonely walk produced a little ode.

#### "ODE ON HOME.

"Dear native soil! where once my feet  
Were wont thy flow'ry paths to roam,  
And where my heart would joyful beat,  
From India's climes restor'd to home:  
Ah! shall I e'er behold you more,  
And cheer again a parent's eye?  
A wand'rer from thy blissful shore,  
Thro' endless troubles doom'd to sigh?"

"It has been my object in this scene to soften the condition of private tutors in America, by putting up Mr. H.—in *signum terroris et memorie* to other purse-proud planters. I write not from personal pique, but a desire to benefit society. Happy shall I think myself should this page hold the mirror up to the inflation of pride and insolence of prosperity.

"Or shall I, pensive and forlorn,  
Of penury be yet the prey,  
Long from thy grateful bosom torn,  
Without a friend to guide my way?  
Hard is the hapless wand'rer's fate,  
Tho' blest with magic power of song;  
Successive woes his steps await,  
Unheeded by the worldly throng."

p. 55.

The State of Carolina is thus characterized as to the slaves.

"It appears to me that in Carolina the simplicity of the first colonists is obliterated, and that the present inhabitants strive to exceed each other in the vanities of life. Slight circumstances often mark the manners of a people. In the opulent families, there is always a negro placed on the lookout, to announce the coming of any visitant; and the moment a carriage or horseman is descried, each negro changes his every-day garb for a magnificent suit of livery. As the negroes wear no shirts, this is quickly effected, and in a few moments a ragged fellow is metamorphosed into a spruce footman: and woe to them should they neglect it; for their master would think himself disgraced, and Sambo and Cuffy incur a severe flogging.

"In Carolina, the legislative and executive powers of the house belong to the mistress, the master has little or nothing to do with the administration: he is a monument of uxoriousness and passive endurance. The negroes are not without the discernment to perceive this; and when the husband resolves to flog them, they often throw themselves at the feet of the wife, and supplicate her mediation. But the ladies of Carolina, and particularly those of Charleston, have little tenderness for their slaves; on the contrary, they send both their men-slaves and women-slaves, for the most venial trespass, to a hellish mansion called the sugar-house: here a man employs inferior agents to scourge the poor negroes; a shilling for a dozen lashes is the charge: the man, or woman, is stripped naked to the waist; a redoubtable whip at every lash flays the back of the culprit, who, agonized at every pore, rends the air with his cries.

"Mrs. D— informed me that a lady of Charleston once observed to her, that she thought it abominably

dear to pay a shilling for a dozen lashes, and, that having many slaves, she would bargain with the man at the sugar-house to flog them by the year!

"It has been observed by Mr. Jefferson, that negroes, 'secreting little by the kidneys, but much by the pores, exhale a strong effluvia. But great is the power of habit; and in the hottest day of summer, when the thermometer in the shade has risen to a hundred, I have witnessed a dinner-party of ladies and gentlemen surrounded by a tribe of lusty negro-men and women. I leave my reader to draw the inference.

"Of the understanding of negroes the masters in Carolina have a very mean opinion. But it is obvious to a stranger of discernment, that the sentiments of black Cuffy, who waits at table, are often not less just or elevated than those of his white ruler into whose hand Fortune, by one of her freaks, has put the whip of power. Nor is there much difference in their language; for many planters seem incapable of displaying their sovereignty by any other mode than menaces and imprecations. Indeed it must occur to every one, that were things to be re-organized in their natural order, the master would in many parts of the globe exchange places with his servant.

"An Englishman cannot but draw a proud comparison between his own country and Carolina. He feels with a glow of enthusiasm the force of the poet's exclamation:

'Slaves cannot breathe in England!  
'They touch our country, and their shackles fall;

'That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud

'And jealous of their rights.'

"It is, indeed, grating to an Englishman to mingle with society in Carolina; for the people, however well bred in other respects, have no delicacy before a stranger in what relates to their slaves. These wretches are execrated for every involuntary offence; but negroes endure execrations without emotion, for they say, when Massa curse, he break no bone. But every master does not confine himself to oaths; and I have heard a man say, By heaven, my *Negurs* talk the worst English of any in Carolina:

that boy just now called a bason a round-something: take him to the driver! let him have a dozen!

"Exposed to such wanton cruelty, the negroes frequently run away; they flee into the woods, where they are wet with the rains of heaven, and embrace the rock for want of a shelter: life must be supported; hunger incites to depredation, and the poor wretches are often shot like the beasts of prey. When taken, the men are put in irons, and the boys have their necks encircled with a 'pot hook.'

"The Charleston papers abound with advertisements for fugitive slaves. I have a curious advertisement now before me. 'Stop the runaway! Fifty dollars reward! Whereas my waiting fellow, Will, having eloped from me last Saturday, without any provocation, (it being known that I am a *humane master*) the above reward will be paid to any one who will lodge the aforesaid slave in some jail, or deliver him to me on my plantation at Liberty Hall. Will may be known by the incisions of the whip on his back; and I suspect has taken the road to Coosohatchie, where he has a wife and five children, whom I sold last week to Mr. Gillespie.' 'A. Levi.'

"Thus are the poor negroes treated in Carolina. Indeed planters usually consider their slaves as beings defective in understanding; an opinion that excites only scorn from the philosopher. The human soul possesses faculties susceptible of improvement, without any regard to the colour of the skin. It is education that makes the difference between the master and the slave. Shall the imperious planter say, that the swarthy sons of Africa, who now groan under his usurpation of their rights, would not equal him in virtue, knowledge and manners, had they been born free, and with the same advantages in the scale of society? It is to civilization that even Europeans owe their superiority over the savage who knows only how to hunt and fish, to hew out a canoe from a tree, and construct a wretched hut; and but for this, the inhabitants of Britain had still bent the bow, still clothed themselves in skins, and still traversed the woods." p. 93.

Meditations in a church-yard near New York are singular,

"Come! the weather invites us abroad: let us walk into the church-yard; I will put Hamlet in my pocket: a single reflection of Hamlet is of more value than all the meditations of Hervey.

"Death, said George, has mowed down many a lusty fellow in your absence. In that grave reposes a countryman of mine, who died of the yellow fever; an Hibernian, who unfortunately brought with him to this climate his habit of hard-drinking. Often has the ale-house here rung with plaudits at his wit; and often has the landlord's daughter sighed on contemplating the vigour of his Herculean form. A brave fellow!—he would have taken the Grand Turk by the beard; at the broad-sword and cudgels he was the first in the village annals; but death—

"Cudgelled, said I, his brains out at last!

"Who sleeps there?

"A New York merchant: only last week he was sitting in his counting house, feasting his imagination with visions of bags of dollars: his clerks bowed to him with submission, and his servants watched every motion of his hand. But death is not practised in the arts of ceremony, and he refused his mournful supplications of 'A little longer! Oh! let me live a little longer!' The writings of the eloquent Burke will supply his grave with an epitaph.

"What is that?

"Why—His God was his gold; his country his invoice; his desk his altar; his ledger his bible; his church his exchange; and he had no faith but in his banker!

"Who lies in that grave? no flower grows near it!

"A New York reviewer. He spared writers of no sex or condition; nor has death spared him. He is gone himself to be reviewed by the Great Reviewer of Reviewers.

"From whose awful tribunal, said I, there is no appeal.

"Who reposes there?

"A poor negro! He was slave to parson Vandyke, and now sleeps in as good a bed as his master one day will: fate had imposed hard burdens on him, but death has taken them from his shoulders.

"Who lies prostrate there?

"The head-board tells you. Drink-water the Newtown school-master, of unclassical memory. Where be his frowns now? obliterated! Where be the terror his looks inspired? alas! remembered only to be mocked at. The very schoolboy that once trembled at his nod, spurns him with his foot as he gambols round his grave.

"Who reclines there?

"The toast of the village, the fairest of the maidens. She never left the village but the enamoured swain watched her footsteps till she had gone down the hill, passed through the valley, and could be seen no more. Oh! she was beautiful to look upon!

"And has now worms for her chamber maids!

"Alas! nothing now of her remains but what the tomb has concealed. She was cropped like a flower in its bloom by the scythe of the mower: her lover wastes the day in tears, frantic in grief; but, alas! what part of his happiness will grief restore?

"To whom does this grave belong?

"A soldier in that grave has taken up his quarters, whose ears will never be disturbed by the sound of another trumpet but the trumpet at the day of resurrection. This man, sir, guarded the baggage-waggons, in the rear of the American army, at the battle of Brandywine, and from the big looks he assumed, and the egregious lies he told, in reciting the story, you would be disposed to imagine he had, at least, been the second in command. I knew him at Albany, where he kept a boarding-house. He could tell you who stood their ground, who ran away, and relate how seven stout soldiers were blown up by the bursting of a cohorn.

"Were these all his battles? he was modest, compared to other men of war.

"No, sir. He thrice very narrowly escaped being scalped; for in his youth he had fought against the Ohio, the Shawanoes, the Hurons, the Utewas, the Nadouessians, and the Messegagues.

"O brave! And he lies here at last?

"Yes, not redoubtable even to a worm; which, I presume, will be the case of Suwarrow, and Arch-Duke Charles, who now spread terror through the world.



"Who lies silent there?"

"A man who, when living, delighted to be heard. He belonged to a club of Jolly Dogs, where it was his constant practice to sit from seven till eleven every night, with a pipe in his left hand, and the handle of a porter-tankard in the other: thus would he sit smoking and drinking, and bawling out, To order! with the lungs of a jack-ass. But his smoking and drinking incur no reprehension, for it benefited rather than injured society, by hastening his death. The calamity was, that he threw that money to a bloated landlady which should have purchased food and raiment for an amiable wife, and four small children. His end may be conjectured: his very coffin was seized by his creditors, and his family went on the parish.

"A jolly dog, truly! And here at last he lies?"

"Yes! never more to fill the tap-room with smoke and noise. Never more to knock his tankard on the table, and cry, landlady! Replenish! Never more to fill a chair with his corpulence, and be dubbed president by the porter-washed wits of the club. Never more to carol a bawdy song, and be joined in chorus of the whole room. Where be your songs now, my jolly dog? Your long-winded tales, which you dealt out over your cups? Your egregious lies, which by so often repeating you believed at last yourself? Where be your horse-laugh now, that would have outdone the ha! ha! of Job's steed of thunder? Now get you to the club, my friend, and tell each jolly dog, though he drains his draught of porter down, to this state must he come: make them laugh loud at that!

"Who reposes in that grave?"

"The fat landlady who kept the porter-house in Pearl-street," and dealt out her draughts of malt to the club of Jolly Dogs. A dropsy had distended her to the size of one of her own porter-buts.

"And into this underground cellar she is thrust at last?"

"Yes! after a life passed in administering her porter to drunkards, and scoring down each tankard with a

piece of chalk over the chimney. Disgrace to the memory of that man who ran in debt with her landladyship, and discharged not the reckoning: it was then she would unpack her heart with words, 'A pretty captain! yes! a pretty captain, truly! he almost drank my cellar dry, and I never saw the stamp or colour of his coin. He was a villain, he must have been a villain, or he would never impose upon a defenceless widow-woman. But I never had the courage to av' him for the money; he swore so, that I shook like a leaf; I trembled like a rush: and he talked so much about his ship, and how he took in his small kites to engage a privateer, that I never doubted of his honesty. He has paid me indeed: yes, he has paid me with his fore-top sail, and a fair wind—the wind a little upon the quarter. But I may catch him yet; and when I do catch him, there's no snakes in Virginia if I don't bring his nose to the gridiron.'" p. 319.

The description of a female pupil shall close our selections.

"Of my female students there was none equal in capacity to Virginia. The mind of this fair creature was susceptible of every culture; but it had been neglected, and I opened to her worlds of sentiment and knowledge.

"Geography was one of our favourite studies. The greatest trifler can scarce inspect a map without learning something; but my lovely pupil always rose from it with a considerable accession of knowledge. Imparting such new ideas was no undelightful employment, and I often addressed my rose of May in an appropriate ode.

#### ODE TO VIRGINIA,

#### LOOKING OVER A MAP.

"Powerful as the magic wand,  
Displaying far each distant land,  
Is that angel-hand to me,  
When it points each realm and sea.

"Plac'd in geographic mood,  
Smiling, shew the pictur'd flood,  
Where, along the Red-sea coast,  
Waves o'erwhelm'd the Egyptian host.

"Again the imag'd scene survey,  
The rolling Hellespontic sea;  
Whence the Persian, from the shore,  
Proudly pass'd his millions o'er,

"\* Pearl-street is the longest street in New York. It has the irregularity of the Strand without its animation.

" See! that little isle, afar,  
Of Salamis, renown'd in war;  
Swelling high the tramp of fame  
With glory and eternal shame.

" And behold, to nearer view,  
Here thy own lov'd country too;  
Virginia! which produc'd to me  
A pupil fair and bright like thee!

" It was my desire to open to my pupil the treasures of Shakespeare; of that poet whose works will be studied with increasing rapture on the banks of the Mississippi, the Ohio, and Potomac, when the language in which Voltaire reviled him shall have perished with the wreck of nations: but the library of the plantation did not supply the poet of nature, and I was almost in despair, when, on a shelf in a miserable log-house, I found the first volume of Theobald's edition. The book I obtained for a trifle, and I removed it to my school.

" I shall not easily forget the feeling with which my pupil read aloud that beautiful and natural scene in the *Tempest*, where Miranda sympathizes with Ferdinand, who is bearing logs to Prospero's cell. No scene can be more exquisitely tender, and no lips could give juster utterance to the speeches of its characters than those of my fair disciple: her voice possessed more magic than Prospero's wand: I was transported into fairy land; I was wrapt in a delicious dream from which it was misery to be waked; all around was enchantment; and what Ferdinand had before exclaimed, on hearing the music of Ariel, I applied in secret to the voice of Virginia—

' This is no mortal business, nor no sound  
' That the earth owns!'

" The female mind seems peculiarly adapted to relish tender poetry; and in the *Elegy of Gray*, and the *Ballad of Goldsmith*, I spread before my pupil a rich banquet to exercise reflection: such poets are ever read with advantage, for they embellish nature and virtue with an elevated but chaste imagination.

" My pupil was, perhaps, not a regular beauty; but her form was exquisitely delicate, and there were a spirit and expression in her countenance that charmed more than mere regular features: her hair was rather light for eyes perfectly black.

" Voila mon elevé: il faut encore y joindre  
Un petit nez, mais un nez fait au four,  
Nez retroussé, comme le vent l'Amour.

" As the studies of my pupil never tired, so the relation of them will never fatigue me. She learnt French with avidity, and it was no unpleasant task to hear her give utterance to the musical language of a *Seigné*. The *Epic Narrative of Fenelon*, and the pathetic *Tale of Saint Pierre*, were the French books that most delighted her; but she thought the translation of Paul and Virginia, from the pen of *Miss Helen Maria Williams*, more beautiful in her attire than that of the author. 'The Sonnets,' exclaimed Virginia, 'are so pretty; indeed! indeed! they are!'

" The rose, the queen of flowers, and theme of the Persian poets, grew abundantly in the garden; and my girls never came to school without having gathered clusters of them to decorate their dress: hence I breathed only fragrance in a circle of loveliness.

" How unspeakably delightful was the employment of cultivating the taste of Virginia! By the magic of the *Belles Lettres* I was opening the avenues of her innocent heart to friendship and to pity: I was exciting its natural susceptibility for every mild and tender passion that can soften humanity.

" Let the gloomy and austere moralist condemn woman to vegetate on the earth: let him shut from her those sources of pure and exalted pleasure, arising from the contemplation of the sublime and the beautiful: such inhibitions become the cynic in his cell; but let a man of the world and of elegant education ask his heart, what conveyed to it such transports in the company of a particular female? was it the lustre of the eye? the redness of the lip? or the peculiar conformation of the features? no—the beauty of countenance which captivates a soul exalted by education, depends not upon any known rule of proportion, but is connected with sentiment; it is the emanation of intellectual excellence, the beaming forth of that moral sense which imparts a magic to every look, and constitutes expression. Women, like men, without education, are not of a social but gregarious nature: they herd together, but they

exchange no ideas; and there is certainly the same difference between an educated and uneducated woman as between one living and one dead.

"Succession is only perceived by variation, and in the delightful employment of teaching my lovely pupil all I knew, the hours of the morning were contracted to a moment by the earnest application of my mind to its object; time took a new pair of wings, and the school door, which faced the south, had the sun staring full upon it, before I recollected that my attention ought to be divided, and not consecrated to one scholar.

"Hence I frequently protracted the studies of the children till one, or half past one o'clock; a practice that did not fail to call forth the exclamations both of the white and the black people. Upon my word, Mr. Ball would say, this gentleman is diligent; and aunt Patty, the negro cook, would remark, 'He good cool-mossa that; he not like old Hodgekinson and old Harris, who let the boys out before twelve: he deserve good wages!'

"Having sent the young ladies to the family mansion, I told the boys to break up; and, in a few minutes, they, who had even breathed with circumspection, now gave loose to the most riotous merriment, and betook themselves to the woods, followed by all the dogs on the plantation.

"Let the reader throw aside my volume, whose mind feels disgust from the images afforded by a school in the woods of America: I deprecate not his severity; I write not for such feelings. But, reader, if thou art a father, or if thy mind, uncorrupted by the business and vanities of life, can delight in the images of domestic privacy, thou wilt derive more real satisfaction from the picture of a groupe of schoolboys at play, than from the conflict of the Austrians with the French on the plains of Marengo." p. 373.

The work affords much entertainment and even much instruction.

(Continued from page 178.)

MR. Cowper removed from Olney to Weston, November, 1786, when his cheerfulness was clouded by the death of young Unwin, whom he pathetically lamented. The letters to lady Hesketh are still very interesting: take letter 73.

"TO LADY HESKETH.

"*The Lodge, Sept. 29, 1787.*

"MY DEAR COZ.

"I thank you for your political intelligence: retired as we are, and seemingly excluded from the world, we are not indifferent to what passes in it; on the contrary, the arrival of a newspaper, at the present juncture, never fails to furnish us with a theme for discussion, short indeed, but satisfactory, for we seldom differ in opinion.

"I have received such an impression of the Turks, from the Memoirs of Baron de Tott, which I read lately, that I can hardly help presaging the conquest of that empire by the Russians. The disciples of Mahomet are such babies in modern tactics, and so enervated by the use of their favourite drug, so fatally secure in their predestinarian dream, and so prone to a spirit of mutiny against their leaders, that nothing less can be expected. In fact, they had not been their own masters at this day, had but the Russians known the weakness of their enemies half so well as they undoubtedly know it now: add to this, that there is a popular prophecy current in both countries, that Turkey is one day to fall under the Russian sceptre, a prophecy, which, from whatever authority it be derived, as it will naturally encourage the Russians, and dispirit the Turks, in exact proportion to the degree of credit it has obtained on both sides, has a direct tendency to effect its own accomplishment. In the mean time, if I wish them conquered, it is only because I think it will be a blessing to them to be governed by any other hand than their own; for under heaven has there never been a throne so execrably tyrannical as their's: the heads of the innocent that have been cut off to gratify the humour or caprice of their tyrants, could they be all collected, and discharged against the walls of their

XLIV. *The Life and Writings of WILLIAM COWPER, esq. with an Introductory Letter to the Rev. Hon. Earl Cowper. By WILLIAM HAYLEY, esq.*

city, would not leave one stone on another.

"O that you were here this beautiful day! it is too fine by half to be spent in London. I have a perpetual din in my head, and, though I am not deaf, hear nothing aright, neither my own voice, nor that of others. I am under a tub, from which tub accept my best love. Your's,

"W. C." p. 250.

Also an extract from letter 76.

"On Monday morning last, Sam brought me word that there was a man in the kitchen who desired to speak with me: I ordered him in. A plain, decent, elderly figure made its appearance, and, being desired to sit, spoke as follows: 'Sir, I am clerk of the parish of All Saints, in Northampton; brother of Mr. C. the upholsterer. It is customary for the person in my office to annex to a Bill of Mortality, which he publishes at Christmas, a copy of verses: you would do me a great favour, sir, if you would furnish me with one.' To this I replied, 'Mr. C. you have several men of genius in your town, why have you not applied to some of them? There is a name-sake of your's, in particular, C—the statuary, who, every body knows, is a first-rate maker of verses: he, surely, is the man of all the world for your purpose.' 'Alas! sir, I have heretofore borrowed help from him, but he is a gentleman of so much reading that the people of our town cannot understand him.' I confess to you, my dear, that I felt all the force of the compliment implied in this speech, and was almost ready to answer, perhaps, my good friend, they may find me unintelligible too, for the same reason. But on asking him whether he had walked over to Weston on purpose to implore the assistance of my muse, and on his replying in the affirmative, I felt my mortified vanity a little consoled, and, pitying the poor man's distress, which appeared to be considerable, promised to supply him: the waggon has, accordingly, gone this day to Northampton, loaded in part with my effusions in the mortuary stile. A fig for poets who write epitaphs upon individuals! I have written *one* that serves *two hundred* persons.

Letter 90 contains a pretty piece on the slave-trade.

"TO GENERAL COWPER.

"Weston, Dec. 13, 1787.

"MY DEAR GENERAL,

"A letter is not pleasant, which excites curiosity but does not gratify it; such a letter was my last, the defects of which I therefore take the first opportunity to supply. When the condition of our negroes in the islands was first presented to me as a subject for songs, I felt myself not at all allured to the undertaking; it seemed to offer only images of horror, which could by no means be accommodated to the style of that sort of composition; but, having a desire to comply, if possible, with the request made to me, after turning the matter in my mind as many ways as I could, I at last, as I told you, produced three, and that which appears to myself the best of those three, I have sent you: of the other two, one is serious, in a strain of thought perhaps rather too serious, and I could not help it; the other, of which the slave-trader is himself the subject, is somewhat ludicrous: if I could think them worth your seeing, I would, as opportunity should occur, send them also. If this amuses you I shall be glad.

W. C.

"THE MORNING DREAM."

"A Ballad.

"To the Tune of Tweed-side.

"'Twas in the glad season of spring,  
Asleep at the dawn of the day,  
I dream'd what I cannot but sing,  
So pleasant it seem'd as I lay.  
I dream'd, that, on ocean afloat,  
Far hence, to the westward, I sail'd,  
While the billows high lifted the boat,  
And the fresh blowing breeze never fail'd.

In the steerage a woman I saw,  
Such at least was the form that she wore,  
Whose beauty impress'd me with awe  
Never taught me by woman before:  
She sat, and a shield at her side  
Shed light, like a sun, on the waves,  
And, smiling divinely, she cry'd—  
'I go to make Freemen of Slaves.

"The excellence of this ballad induces me to reprint it here, although it has appeared in the last edition of Cowper's Poems.



Then, raising her voice to a strain,  
The sweetest that ear ever heard,  
She sung of the slave's broken chain,  
Wherever her glory appear'd:  
Some clouds, which had over us hung,  
Fled, chas'd by her melody clear;  
And methought while she Liberty sung  
'Twas liberty only to hear.

Thus, swiftly dividing the flood,  
To a slave-cultur'd island we came,  
Where a demon, her enemy, stood,  
Oppression his terrible name;  
In his hand, as a sign of his sway,  
A scourge hung with lashes he bore,  
And stood looking out for his prey  
From Africa's sorrowful shore:

But soon as, approaching the land,  
That goddess-like woman he view'd,  
The scourge he let fall from his hand,  
With blood of his subjects imbued:  
I saw him both sicken and die,  
And, the moment the monster expir'd,  
Heard shouts that ascended the sky,  
From thousands with rapture inspir'd.

Awaking, how could I but muse  
At what such a dream should betide?  
But soon my ear caught the glad news  
Which serv'd my weak thought for a  
guide—

That Britannia, renown'd o'er the waves  
For the hatred she ever has shown  
To the black-sceptred rulers of slaves  
Resolves to have none of her own."

p. 291.

Letter 117 shews the sprightliness of  
his temper at times.

"TO SAMUEL ROSE, ESQ.

"*Weston, Sept. 11, 1788.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"The hamper is come, and  
come safe; and the contents, I can  
affirm on my own knowledge, are  
excellent. It chanced that another  
hamper and a box came by the same  
conveyance, all which I unpacked  
and expounded in the hall, my cousin  
sitting mean time on the stairs, spec-  
tator of the business. We diverted  
ourselves with imagining the manner  
in which Homer would have described  
the scene: detailed in his circumstan-  
tial way, it would have furnished  
materials for a paragraph of consid-  
erable length in an *Odyssey*.

"The straw-stuff'd hamper with his ruth-  
less steel  
He open'd, cutting sheer th' inserted  
cords

Which bound the lid and lip secure:  
forth came

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The rustling package first, bright straw  
of wheat,  
Or oats or barley; next, a bottle green,  
Throat-full, clear spirits the contents,  
distill'd,  
Drop after drop odorous, by the art  
Of the fair mother of his friend—the Rose.

"And so on.

"I should rejoice to be the hero of  
such a tale in the hands of Homer.

"You will remember, I trust, that  
when the state of your health or spi-  
rits calls for rural walks or fresh air,  
you have always a retreat at Weston.

"We are all well, all love you,  
down to the very dog; and shall be  
glad to hear that you have exchanged  
languor for alacrity, and the debility  
that you mention for indefatigable vi-  
gour.

"Mr. Throckmorton has made me  
a handsome present, Villoison's edi-  
tion of the *Iliad*, elegantly bound by  
Edwards. If I live long enough, by  
the contributions of my friends, I  
shall once more be possessed of a li-  
brary. W. C." p. 339.

Letter 140 exhibits his opinion of  
the French revolution.

"TO LADY HESKETH.

"*July 7, 1790.*

"Instead of beginning  
with the saffron-vested morning to  
which Homer invites me, on a morn-  
ing that has no saffron to boast, I  
shall begin with you.

"It is irksome to us both to wait  
so long as we must for you, but we  
are willing to hope, that by a longer  
stay you will make us amends for all  
this tedious procrastination.

"Mrs. Unwin has made known  
her whole case to Mr. Gregson, whose  
opinion of it has been very consolato-  
ry to me: he says, indeed, it is a case  
perfectly out of the reach of all phy-  
sical aid, but at the same time not at  
all dangerous: constant pain is a sad  
grievance, whatever part is affected,  
and she is hardly ever free from an  
aching head, as well as an uneasy side,  
but patience is an anodyne of God's  
own preparation, and of that he gives  
her largely.

"The French who, like all lively  
folks, are extreme in every thing, are  
such in their zeal for freedom, and if  
it were possible to make so noble a  
cause ridiculous, their manner of pro-  
moting it could not fail to do so.

2 K

princes and peers reduced to plain gentlemanship, and gentles reduced to a level with their own lacqueys, are excesses of which they will repent hereafter. Difference of rank and subordination are, I believe, of God's appointment, and, consequently, essential to the well-being of society: but what we mean by fanaticism in religion is exactly that which animates their politics, and, unless time should sober them, they will, after all, be an unhappy people. Perhaps it deserves not much to be wondered at, that, at their first escape from tyrannic shackles, they should act extravagantly, and treat their kings as they have sometimes treated their idols; to these, however, they are reconciled in due time again, but their respect for monarchy is at an end: they want nothing now but a little English sobriety, and that they want extremely; I heartily wish them some wit in their anger, for it were great pity that so many millions should be miserable for want of it.

W. C."

p. 379

We shall add the conclusion of the second part, in Mr. Hayley's own words.

"The occurrences related in the series of letters that I have just imparted to my reader have now brought me to the close of the second period in my work. As I contemplated the life of my friend it seemed to display itself in three obvious divisions; the first ending with the remarkable æra when he burst forth on the world as a poet, in his fiftieth year, on which occasion we may apply to him the lively compliment of Waller to Denham, and say, with superior truth, 'He burst out like the Irish Rebellion, threescore thousand strong, when nobody was aware, or in the least suspected it:' the second division may conclude with the publication of his Homer, comprising the incidents of ten splendid and fruitful years, that may be regarded as the meridian of his poetical career: the subsequent period extends to that awful event which terminates every labour of the poet and the man.

"We have seen in many of the preceding letters with what ardour of application and liveliness of hope he devoted himself to his favourite project of enriching the literature of his

country with an English Homer, that might be justly esteemed as a faithful, yet free, translation; a genuine and graceful representative of the justly idolized original.

"After five years of intense and affectionate labour, in which nothing could withhold him from his interesting work except that oppressive and cruel malady which suspended his powers of application for several months, he published his complete version in two quarto volumes, on the first of July, 1791, having inscribed the *Iliad* to his young noble kinsman, Earl Cowper, and the *Odyssey* to the dowager countess Spencer; a lady for whose virtues he had long entertained a most cordial and affectionate veneration.

"The accomplished translator had exerted no common powers of genius and of industry to satisfy both himself and the world; yet, in his first edition of this long-laboured work, he afforded complete satisfaction to neither, and I believe for this reason—Homer is so exquisitely beautiful in his own language, and he has been so long an idol in every literary mind, that any copy of him, which the best of modern poets can execute, must probably resemble in its effect the portrait of a graceful woman, painted by an excellent artist for her lover:—the lover, indeed, will acknowledge great merit in the work, and think himself much indebted to the skill of such an artist, but he will never acknowledge, as in truth he never can feel, that the best of resemblances exhibits all the grace that he discerns in the beloved original.

"So fares it with the admirers of Homer; his very translators themselves feel so perfectly the power of this predominant affection, that they gradually grow discontented with their own labour, however approved in the moment of its supposed completion. This was so remarkably the case with Cowper, that in process of time we shall see him employed upon what may almost be called his second translation; so great were the alterations he made in a deliberate revival of his work for a second edition; and in the preface which he prepared for that edition he has spoken of his own labour with the most frank and ingenuous veracity. Yet of the first edition

it may, I think, be fairly said, that it accomplished more than any of his poetical predecessors had achieved before him: it made the nearest approach to that sweet majestic simplicity which forms one of the most attractive features in the great prince and father of poets.

Cowper, in reading Pope's *Homer* to Lady Austen and Mrs. Unwin, had frequently expressed a wish and an expectation of seeing the simplicity of the ancient bard more faithfully preserved in a new English version; Lady Austen, with a kind severity, reproved him for expecting from others what he, of all men living, was best qualified to accomplish himself, and her solicitations on the subject excited him to the arduous undertaking, though it seems not to have been actually begun till after her departure from Olney.

"If he was not at first completely successful in this long and mighty work, the continual and voluntary application with which he pursued it was to himself a blessing of the utmost importance.

"In those admirable admonitions to men of a poetical temperament with which Dr. Currie has closed his instructive and pleasing '*Life of Burns*,' that accomplished physician has justly pointed to a regular and constant occupation, as the true remedy for an inordinate sensibility, which may prove so perilous an enemy to the peace and happiness of a poet: his remark appears to be particularly verified in the striking and, I may say, medicinal influence which a daily attachment of his thoughts to *Homer* produced, for a long time, on the tender spirits of my friend; an influence sufficiently proved by his frequent declarations, that he should be sorry to find himself at the end of his labour. The work was certainly beneficial to his health, it contributed a little to his fortune, and ultimately, I am persuaded, it will redound to his fame in a much higher degree than it has hitherto done: time will probably prove, that if it is not a perfect representation of *Homer*, it is at least such a copy of the matchless original, as no modern writer can surpass in the two essential articles of fidelity and freedom.

"I must not omit to observe one more advantage which Cowper derived

from this extensive labour, for it is an advantage which reflects great honour on his sensibility as a man; I mean, a constant flow of affectionate pleasure, that he felt in the many kind offices which he received from several friends in the course of this laborious occupation.

"I cannot more clearly illustrate his feelings on this subject than by introducing a passage from one of his letters to his most assiduous and affectionate amanuensis, his young kinsman of Norfolk!—It breathes all the tender moral spirit of Cowper, and shall therefore close the second division of my work.

"*Weston, June 1, 1791.*

"MY DEAREST JOHNNY,

"Now you may rest—now I can give you joy of the period of which I gave you hope in my last; the period of all your labours in my service: but this I can foretel you also, that if you persevere in serving your friends at this rate, your life is likely to be a life of labour:—yet persevere! your rest will be the sweeter hereafter. In the mean time I wish you, if at any time you should find occasion for him, just such a friend as you have proved to me. W. C."

P. 413.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### XLV. THE WORKS OF THOMAS CHATTERTON.

(Concluded from p. 102.)

WE mean only just to add a paragraph respecting the life of this extraordinary young man, which leads to the curious business of Rowley's Poems: we refer the reader to the work for a further gratification of his curiosity.

"Under all the disadvantages of education, the acquisitions of Chatterton were surprising. Besides the variety of reading which he had gone through, he had some knowledge of music.—Is it not probable that a few of the rudiments of vocal music made a part of the education of a charity boy? He had also acquired a taste for drawing, which afterwards he greatly

improved; and the usher of the school asserted he had made a rapid progress in arithmetic. Soon after he left school, he corresponded with a boy, who had been his bed-fellow while at Colston's, and was bound apprentice to a merchant at New-York. Mrs. Newton says he read a letter at home, which he wrote to this friend; it consisted of a collection of all the hard words in the English language, and he requested his friend to answer it in the same style. An extraordinary effect of his discovering an employment adapted to his genius is remarked in the same letter. He had been gloomy from the time he began to learn, but it was observed that he became more cheerful after he began to write poetry.

"On the 1st of July 1767, he left the charity-school, and was bound apprentice to Mr. John Lambert, attorney, of Bristol, for seven years, to learn the art of a scrivener. The apprentice fee was ten pounds; the master was to find him in meat, drink, lodging and clothes; the mother in washing and mending. He slept in the same room with the foot boy, and went every morning at eight o'clock to the office, which was at some distance, and, except the usual time for dinner, continued there till eight o'clock at night, after which he was at liberty till ten, when he was always expected to be at home. Mr. Lambert affords the most honourable testimony in Chatterton's favour, with respect to the regularity of his attendance, as he never exceeded the limited hours but once, when he had leave to spend the evening with his mother and some friends. His hours of leisure also Mr. Lambert had no reason to suspect were spent in improper company, but generally with his mother, Mr. Clayfield, Mr. Barrett, or Mr. Catcott. He never had occasion to charge him with neglect of business, or any ill behaviour whatever. Once, and but once, he thought himself under the necessity of correcting him, and that was the pure effect of his disposition for satire. A short time after he was bound to Mr. Lambert, his old schoolmaster received a very abusive anonymous letter, which he suspected came from Chatterton, and he complained of it to his master, who was soon convinced of the justice of

the complaint, not only from the hand-writing, which was ill-disguised, but from the letter being written on the same paper with that which was used in the office. On this occasion Mr. Lambert corrected the boy with a blow or two. He however accuses him of a sullen and gloomy temper, which particularly displayed itself among the servants. Chatterton's superior abilities, and superior information, with the pride which usually accompanies these qualities, doubtless rendered him an unfit inhabitant of the kitchen, where his ignorant associates would naturally be inclined to envy, and would affect to despise those accomplishments, which he held in the highest estimation; and even the familiarity of vulgar and illiterate persons, must undoubtedly be rather disgusting than agreeable to a mind like his.

"Mr. Lambert's was a situation not unfavourable to the cultivation of his genius. Though much confined, he had much leisure. His master's business consumed a very small portion of his time; frequently, his sister says, it did not engage him above two hours in a day. While Mr. Lambert was from home, and no particular business interfered, his stated employment was to copy precedents; a book of which, containing 344 large folio pages, closely written by Chatterton while he remained in the office, is, I believe, still in the possession of Mr. Lambert, as well as another of about 30 pages. The office library contained nothing but law books; except an old edition of Camden's Britannia. There is no doubt, however, but Chatterton took care amply to supply his mental wants from his old acquaintance at the circulating libraries.

"He had continued this course of life for upwards of a year; not however, without some symptoms of an aversion for his profession, before he began to attract the notice of the literary world. In the beginning of October 1768, the new bridge at Bristol was finished; at that time there appeared, in Farley's Bristol Journal, an account of the ceremonies on opening the old bridge, introduced by a letter to the printer, intimating that "the following description of the Fiyars first passing over the old bridge, was



taken from an ancient manuscript, and signed *Dunhelmus Bristolensis*." The paper, if it be allowed to be the fabrication of modern times, demonstrates strong powers of invention, and an uncommon knowledge of ancient customs. So singular a memoir could not fail to excite curiosity, and many persons became anxious to see the original. The printer, Mr. Farley, could give no account of it, nor of the person who brought the copy; but after much inquiry, it was discovered that the manuscript was brought by a youth between fifteen and sixteen years of age, of the name of Thomas Chatterton. "To the threats of those who treated him (agreeably to his appearance) as a child, he returned nothing but haughtiness, and a refusal to give any account." By milder usage he was somewhat softened, and appeared inclined to give all the information in his power. He at first alledged, that he was employed to transcribe the contents of certain ancient manuscripts by a gentleman, who also had engaged him to furnish complimentary verses, inscribed to a lady with whom that gentleman was in love. On being further pressed, he at last informed the enquirers, that he had received the paper in question, together with many other manuscripts, from his father who had found them in a large chest in the upper room over the chapel, on the north side of Redcliffe church. But a more circumstantial account of the discovery of these manuscripts, is preserved in Mr. Bryant's *Observations on Rowley's Poems*. Over the north porch of St. Mary Redcliffe church, which was founded, or at least rebuilt, by Mr. W. Canynge, (an eminent merchant of Bristol in the 15th century, and in the reign of Edward the fourth,) there is a kind of monument room, in which were deposited six or seven chests, one of which in particular was called *Mr. Canynge's cofre*; this chest, it is said, was secured by six keys, two of which were entrusted to the minister and procurator of the church, two to the mayor, and one to each of the church-wardens. In process of time, however, the six keys appear to have been lost; and about the year 1727, a notion prevailed that some title deeds, and other writings of value, were contained in Mr. Canynge's cofre.

In consequence of this opinion, an order of vestry was made, that the chest should be opened under the inspection of an attorney; and that those writings which appeared of consequence, should be removed to the south porch of the church. The locks were therefore forced, and not only the principal chest, but the others, which were also supposed to contain writings, were all broken open. The deeds immediately relating to the church were removed, and the other manuscripts were left exposed as of no value. Considerable depredations had, from time to time, been committed upon them, by different persons; but the most insatiate of these plunderers was the father of Chatterton. His uncle being sexton of St. Mary Redcliffe gave him free access to the church. He carried off, from time to time, parcels of the parchments, and one time alone, with the assistance of his boys, is known to have filled a large basket with them. They were deposited in a cupboard in the school, and employed for different purposes, such as the covering of copy books, &c. in particular, Mr. Gibbs, the minister of the parish, having presented the boys with twenty bibles, Mr. Chatterton, in order to preserve these books from being damaged, covered them with some of the parchments. At his death, the widow being under a necessity of removing, carried the remainder of them to her own habitation. Of the discovery of their value by the younger Chatterton, the account of Mr. Smith, a very intimate acquaintance, which he gave to Dr. Glynn of Cambridge, is too interesting to be omitted. "When young Chatterton was first articulated to Mr. Lambert, he used frequently to come home to his mother, by way of a short visit. There, one day, his eye was caught by one of these parchments, which had been converted into a thread-paper. He found not only the writing to be very old, the characters very different from common characters, but that the subject therein treated was different from common subjects. Being naturally of an inquisitive and curious turn, he was very much struck with their appearance, and, as might be expected, began to question his mother what those thread-papers were, how she got

them, and whence they came. Upon farther inquiry, he was led to a full discovery of all the parchments which remained; the bulk of them consisted of poetical and other compositions, by Mr. Canynge, and a particular friend of his, Thomas Rowley, whom Chatterton at first called a monk, and afterwards a secular priest of the fifteenth century. Such, at least, appears to be the account which Chatterton thought proper to give, and which he wished to be believed. It is, indeed, confirmed by the testimony of his mother and sister. Mrs. Chatterton informed a friend of the Dean of Exeter, that on her removal from Pyle-street, she emptied the cupboard of its contents, partly into a large long deal box, where her husband used to keep his clothes, and partly into a square oak box of a smaller size; carrying both with their contents to her lodgings, where, according to her account, they continued neglected and undisturbed, till her son first discovered their value; who having examined their contents, told his mother, 'that he had found a treasure, and was so glad nothing could be like it.' That he then removed all these parchments out of the large long deal box, in which his father used to keep his clothes, into the square oak box: that he was perpetually ransacking every corner of the house for more parchments, and, from time to time, carried away those he had already found by pockets full: That one day happening to see Clarke's History of the Bible covered with one of those parchments, he swore a great oath, and stripping the book, put the cover into his pocket, and carried it away; at the same time stripping a common little Bible, but finding no writing upon the cover, replaced it again very leisurely. "Upon being informed of the manner in which his father had procured the parchments, he went himself to the place, and picked up four more, which if Mrs. Chatterton rightly remembers, Mr. Barrett has at this time in his possession." "Mrs. Newton, his sister, being asked if she remembers his having mentioned Rowley's poems, after the discovery of the parchments, says, that he was perpetually talking on that subject, and once in particular, (about two years before he left Bris-

tol) when a relation, one Mr. Stephens of Salisbury, made them a visit, he talked of nothing else." p. xxviii.

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XLVI. RURAL SPORTS. By W. DANIEL. 4to. vol. 2. full of plates. 520 pages. 3l. 3s.

THE various contents of this splendid volume are such, that they cannot be minutely detailed: they include the sports which Fishes and Birds afford us, and the account is introduced by a Preliminary Essay, out of which we shall give an extract; it will form a proper specimen of the manner in which the whole is executed. Having described the Herring in its migrations, he thus enters on the Pilchard and closes with useful reflections.

"The only fish that remains to be noticed of the gregarious sea fish, is the pilchard, which has a general likeness to the herring, but, when comparatively described, is essentially different. The body of the pilchard is less compressed, being thicker and rounder, the back is more elevated, the belly less sharp, the nose turns up, and, as well as the under jaw, is shorter; the dorsal fin is placed exactly in the centre of gravity, so that when taken up by it, the body preserves an equilibrium, that of the herring dips at the head; the scales of the pilchard adhere closely, whereas those of the herring very easily drop off; besides, the pilchard is fatter, or more full of oil.

"About the middle of July the pilchards, in vast shoals, approach the Cornish coasts; the beginning of winter they disappear, a few returning again after Christmas. Their winter retreat, and their motives for migrating, are the same with the herring. During summer they affect a warmer latitude, no quantities being found on any of our coasts, except those of Cornwall; namely, from Fowey harbour to the Scilly isles, between which places, for some weeks, the shoals keep shifting.

"The appearance of the pilchard is known by the birds and larger fishes attendant upon them, and persons called *Huers* are placed on eminences, to

point to the boats stationed off the land the course of the fish, by whose directions, sometimes, a bay of several miles extent is enclosed with their nets, called seines. By the first of James I, c. 23, fishermen are empowered to go on the grounds of others to *bue*, without being liable to actions of trespass, which before occasioned frequent lawsuits. The numbers that are taken at one shooting of the nets is astonishing. Upon the 5th of October, 1767, there were at one time enclosed in St. Ives Bay, 7,000 hogsheads, each cask containing 35,000 fish, in all, 245,000,000.

“Dr. Borlase describes the emoluments accruing to the inhabitants of Cornwall from the pilchard fishery in the following manner.

“It employs a great number of men on the sea, thereby training them to naval affairs; finds work for men, women, and children, on shore, in salting, pressing, washing, and cleaning, in making boats, nets, ropes, casks, and in all the trades depending on their construction and sale. The poor are fed with the offals of the captures, land is benefited by the refuse of the fish and salt, the merchant finds the profits of commission and honest commerce, the fishermen the gains of his labour, ships are often freighted hither with salt, and into foreign countries with the fish, carrying off at the same time part of our tin. By the account of the produce in number of hogsheads exported each year, from 1747 to 1756, inclusive, from the four ports of Fowey, Falmouth, Penzance, and St. Ives, it appears that Fowey has yearly exported 1,732 hogsheads, Falmouth, 14,631 hogsheads and two thirds; Penzance and Mounts Bay, 12,149 hogsheads and one third; St. Ives, 1,282 hogsheads; in all, 29,795 hogsheads. Every hoghead for ten years last past, together with the bounty allowed for each exported, and the oil made out of each hoghead, has amounted, at an average, one year with another, to the price of 1l. 13s. 3d.; so that the cash paid for pilchards exported has, at a medium, been annually 49,531l. 10s.”

“It is almost impossible to dismiss this topic, without expressing surprise, that a nation so industrious and enterprising as our own should neglect

(as most unaccountably it does) to improve to the utmost a branch of commerce of which the advantage seems incalculable, and the success certain. We are surrounded by a golden mine, which we look upon with unconcern, at the same time we exceed our capital in the most perilous speculations. That immense superiority of advantage, which its extended line of coast presents to the British Islands, for the improvement of the fishing trade, a trade which, besides that it is convertible into a source of prodigious wealth, offers considerations of great moment to the statesman, whose first concern it ought ever to be, to meliorate the moral condition of the people. To colonize our coasts, is an object of deeper interest than to populate new regions of the globe, or to subject distant climates to our empire. In prosecuting the fishing trade, neither immediate nor immense profit to the maritime settlers must, or can reasonably, be looked for; those who engage in it ought to meet on the part of government with all the aid which the nature and object of the undertaking demand: let those who enter upon it pursue it with a view to private profit, but let the statesman encourage it as an object of national utility. To prosecute it with effect, its progress must be slow, and its scale moderate, the end can never be obtained through the wild spirit of adventure, it must primarily be considered as finding occupation for the idle; as it improves, it will furnish employ for the capital of the speculator. If a bounty were given to the first settlers, and continued annually for a time, as circumstances might require, it would be much more beneficially bestowed than bounties usually are. Certain immunities from taxation, for a given period, might be likewise held forth as an encouragement, and to these might be added such other incitements as wisdom and policy might suggest. The true and effective wealth of a nation consists not in the gold that accumulates, nor the diamonds that glitter, in the coffers of the rich, but in the sweat wiped from the brow of the indigent; it is comprised in the augmentation of the means of subsistence, in the vigorous and active habits of the poor, in the stability of

their occupation, in the sobriety of their morals, and in the modes of obtaining sufficiency and comfort through the medium of honest and unoppressive labour. Under this conviction, a wise government will ever be strenuous to enlarge the sphere of useful traffic, and to expend the industry of its people upon the most valuable objects. Fishery, as affording a supply of nutritive and cheap sustenance to all, more especially the inferior classes, is unbounded; the hardy and robust habits of life, likewise, which fishermen assume and encounter, are friendly at all times to the strength and independence of a state; selecting, as they naturally would do, with care the most eligible station which our shores (taking in a circumference of more than 3000 miles) presented to their choice, they would become more peculiarly so. Stationary in their abode, and multiplying their habitations as their numbers increased, they would, in process of time, form so many frontier towns; our coast would not then, as now it does, leave us naked and exposed to the descent of our enemies: these towns would become the nurseries of healthy and able seamen, a circumstance of extreme weight in the councils of a maritime nation.

"It may perhaps be alleged, that the fishery would not be a perpetual employment, and that, consequently, the persons engaged in it would be unoccupied several parts of the year; but this objection has little force; there are many manufactories inseparably connected with this branch of traffic, such as dressing of hemp, spinning of twine, making of nets, ropes, boats, barrels, &c. which would provide sufficient business during those intervals of leisure, which the fishery might afford. The same objection moreover might be urged against almost every trade, since most of them have their several vacations: agriculture itself by no means furnishes employment equally active at all seasons; but private interest will always take care to obviate every inconvenience that might arise from this source, and as the want of work at certain periods enters into the price of the commodity, this consideration, therefore, cannot operate as a discouragement.

"In a country like our own, where

the number of poor is a reproach to the police, and a heavy burden to the nation, a project of this kind deserves peculiar attention. A late writer, advertent to this subject, has enforced the importance of the undertaking we would recommend. To sooth (says he) the smartings of calamity, to bind up the wounds of those whom fortune has crushed under her wheel, is real and exalted virtue; but there is a philanthropy of a yet higher order, which is busied in removing the causes and occasions of want and poverty, and enabling those exposed to them themselves to supply the one and exclude the other. The establishment of Friendly Societies has done much to prevent the increase of parochial poor: the inclosure of waste lands, so rapidly carrying on in various parts of the kingdom, has likewise, among other essential advantages, contributed to the same good effect. Were our present system of poor laws (he adds) judiciously revised, and a select committee appointed in each parish to examine into the application and expenditure of the sums annually assessed for the relief of the indigent; and were the reductions which might be effected by a reformation in those laws, and a controul on that expenditure, applied in erecting small dwellings near the sea-coast, for the encouragement and extension of our fishing-trade, and in supplying such as might embark in it with the few materials necessary to their establishment, great benefit might accrue to the state, and the numbers of its local and vagrant poor be much more effectually diminished than in workhouses, or confining them in common goals and houses of correction.

"The above subject has but incidentally been touched upon, did not the nature of this work forbid dwelling upon it, much more might be urged: of what is here said, the intention has been to recommend it to the grave and deliberate meditation of others: it is indeed a matter of supreme importance, and most worthy to draw towards it the care of the statesman and the exertions of the patriot." p. 41.

Anglers will feel much interest in the perusal of this work. The plates are truly beautiful.



**XLVI. ACCOUNT of the Life and Writings of THOMAS REID, D. D. F. R. S. Edin. late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. By DUGALD STEWART, F. R. S. Edin. 8vo. 220 pages. 5s. boards. Longman and Rees.**

**T**HIS interesting sketch of a great and good man must be gratifying to the learned world. A delineation of Dr. Reid's person and character will be acceptable.

"In point of bodily constitution, few men have been more indebted to nature than Dr. Reid: his form was vigorous and athletic, and his muscular force, though he was somewhat under the middle size, uncommonly great; advantages to which his habits of temperance and exercise, and the unclouded serenity of his temper, did ample justice. His countenance was strongly expressive of deep and collected thought, but when brightened up by the face of a friend, what chiefly caught the attention was, a look of good-will and of kindness. A picture of him, for which he consented, at the particular request of Dr. Gregory, to sit to Mr. Raeburn, during his last visit to Edinburgh, is generally and justly ranked among the happiest performances of that excellent artist. The medallion of Tassie, also, for which he sat in the eighty-first year of his age, presents a very perfect resemblance.

"I have little to add to what the foregoing pages contain with respect to his character: its most prominent features were—intrepid and inflexible rectitude, a pure and devoted attachment to truth, and an entire command, acquired by the unwearied exertions of a long life, over all his passions: hence, in those parts of his writings where his subject forces him to dispute the conclusions of others, a scrupulous rejection of every expression calculated to irritate those whom he was anxious to convince, and a spirit of liberality and good humour towards his opponents, from which no asperity on their part could provoke him, for a moment, to deviate. The progress of useful knowledge, more especially in what relates to human nature and to human life, he

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believed to be retarded rather than advanced by the intemperance of controversy, and to be secured most effectually when intrusted to the slow but irresistible influence of sober reasoning. That the argumentative talents of the disputants might be improved by such altercations, he was willing to allow; but, considered in their connexion with the great objects which all classes of writers profess equally to have in view, he was convinced that they have done more harm to the practice, than they have done service to the theory, of morality.

"In private life, no man ever maintained more eminently or more uniformly the dignity of philosophy; combining with the most amiable modesty and gentleness the noblest spirit of independence. The only preferences which he ever enjoyed he owed to the unsolicited favour of the two learned bodies who successively adopted him into their number; and the respectable rank which he supported in society was the well earned reward of his own academical labours. The studies in which he delighted were little calculated to draw on him the patronage of the great; and he was unskilled in the art of courting advancement by 'fashioning his doctrines to the varying hour.'

"As a philosopher, his genius was more peculiarly characterized by a sound, cautious, distinguishing judgment; by a singular patience and perseverance of thought; and by habits of the most fixed and concentrated attention to his own mental operations; endowments which, although not the most splendid in the estimation of the multitude, would seem entitled, from the history of science, to rank among the rarest gifts of the mind.

"With these habits and powers he united (what does not always accompany them) the curiosity of a naturalist and the eye of an observer; and, accordingly, his information about every thing relating to physical science, and to the useful arts, was extensive and accurate. His memory for historical details was not so remarkable; and he used sometimes to regret the imperfect degree in which he possessed this faculty. I am in-

\* Preface to Pope's Essay on Man.

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clined, however, to think, that in doing so, he underrated his natural advantages; estimating the strength of memory, as men commonly do, rather by the recollection of particular facts than by the possession of those general conclusions, from a subservency to which such facts derive their principal value.

"Towards the close of life, indeed, his memory was much less vigorous than the other powers of his intellect, in none of which could I ever perceive any symptom of decline: his ardour for knowledge, too, remained unextinguished to the last; and, when cherished by the society of the young and inquisitive, seemed even to increase with his years. What is still more remarkable, he retained in extreme old age all the sympathetic tenderness, and all the moral sensibility of youth; the liveliness of his emotions wherever the happiness of others was concerned, forming an affecting contrast to his own unconquerable firmness under the severest trials.

"Nor was the sensibility which he retained the selfish and sterile offspring of taste and indolence: it was alive and active, wherever he could command the means of relieving the distresses, or of adding to the comforts, of others, and was often felt in its effects where he was unseen and unknown. Among the various proofs of this which have happened to fall under my own knowledge, I cannot help mentioning particularly (upon the most unquestionable authority) the secrecy with which he conveyed his occasional benefactions to his former parishioners at New Machar, long after his establishment at Glasgow: one donation, in particular, during the scarcity of 1782—a donation which, notwithstanding all his precautions, was distinctly traced to his beneficence—might perhaps have been thought disproportionate to his limited income, had not his own simple and moderate habits multiplied the resources of his humanity.

"His opinions on the most important subjects are to be found in his works; and that spirit of piety which animated every part of his conduct, forms the best comment on their practical tendency. In the state in which he found the philosophical world, he believed, that his talents could not be

so usefully employed, as in combating the schemes of those who aimed at the complete subversion of religion, both natural and revealed; convinced, with Dr. Clarke, that 'as christianity presupposes the truth of natural religion, whatever tends to discredit the latter must have a proportionally greater effect in weakening the authority of the former.\*' In his views of both he seems to have coincided nearly with bishop Butler, an author whom he held in the highest estimation. A very careful abstract of the treatise entitled *Analogy*, drawn up by Dr. Reid, many years ago, for his own use, still exists among his manuscripts; and the short Dissertation on Virtue which Butler has annexed to that work, together with the Discourses on Human Nature published in his volume of Sermons, he used always to recommend as the most satisfactory account that has yet appeared of the fundamental principles of morals: nor could he conceal his regret, that the profound philosophy which these discourses contain should of late have been so generally supplanted in England by the speculations of some other moralists, who, while they profess to idolize the memory of Locke, 'approve little or nothing in his writings but his errors.†

"Deeply impressed, however, as he was with his own principles, he possessed the most perfect liberality towards all whom he believed to be honestly and conscientiously devoted to the search of truth. With one very distinguished character, the late Lord Kames, he lived in the most cordial and affectionate friendship, notwithstanding the avowed opposition of their sentiments on some moral questions to which he attached the greatest importance. Both of them, however, were the friends of virtue and of mankind, and both were able to temper the warmth of free discussion with the forbearance and good humour founded on reciprocal esteem. No

\* \* Collection of Papers which passed between Leibnitz and Clarke. See Dr. Clarke's Dedication.

† I have adopted here the words which Dr. Clarke applied to some of Mr. Locke's earlier followers: they are still more applicable to many writers of the present times. See Clarke's First Reply to Leibnitz.

two men, certainly, ever exhibited a more striking contrast in their conversation, or in their constitutional tempers;—the one, slow and cautious in his decisions, even on those topics which he had most diligently studied; reserved and silent in promiscuous society, and retaining, after all his literary eminence, the same simple and unassuming manners which he brought from his country residence:—the other, lively, rapid, and communicative; accustomed, by his professional pursuits, to wield with address the weapons of controversy, and not averse to a trial of his powers on questions the most foreign to his ordinary habits of inquiry. But these characteristic differences, while to their common friends they lent an additional charm to the distinguishing merits of each, served only to enliven their social intercourse, and to cement their mutual attachment.

“ I recollect few, if any, anecdotes of Dr. Reid which appear to me calculated to throw additional light on his character; and I suspect strongly, that many of those which are to be met with in biographical publications are more likely to mislead than to inform. A trifling incident, it is true, may sometimes paint a peculiar feature better than the most elaborate description; but a selection of incidents really characteristic presupposes in the observer a rare capacity to discriminate and to generalize: and where this capacity is wanting a biographer with the most scrupulous attention to the veracity of his details, may yet convey a very false conception of the individual he would describe. As, in the present instance, my subject afforded no materials for such a choice, I have attempted, to the best of my abilities, instead of retailing detached fragments of conversations, or recording insulated and unmeaning occurrences, to communicate to others the general impressions which Dr. Reid's character has left on my own mind. In this attempt I am far from being confident I have succeeded; but, how barren soever I may have thus rendered my pages in the estimation of those who consider biography merely in the light of an amusing tale, I have at least the satisfaction to think, that my picture, though faint in the colouring, does

not present a distorted resemblance of the original.

“ The confidential correspondence of an individual with his friends affords to the student of human nature materials of far greater authenticity and importance; more particularly the correspondence of a man like Dr. Reid, who will not be suspected by those who knew him of accommodating his letters, as has been alleged of Cicero, to the humours and principles of those whom he addressed: I am far, at the same time, from thinking, that the correspondence of Dr. Reid would be generally interesting, or even that he excelled in this species of writing: but few men, I sincerely believe, who have written so much, have left behind them such unblemished memorials of their virtue.

“ At present, I shall only transcribe two letters, which I select from a considerable number now lying before me, as they seem to accord, more than the others, with the general design of this memoir. The first, which is dated January 13, 1779, is addressed to the Reverend William Gregory, now rector of St. Andrew's, Canterbury, then an undergraduate in Balliol college, Oxford: it relates to a remarkable peculiarity in Dr. Reid's physical temperament, connected with the subject of dreaming, and is farther interesting as a genuine record of some particulars in his early habits, in which it is easy to perceive the openings of a superior mind.

“ The fact which your brother the doctor desires to be informed of was as you mention it. As far as I remember the circumstances, they were as follow.

“ About the age of fourteen, I was almost every night unhappy in my sleep from frightful dreams: sometimes hanging over a dreadful precipice, and just ready to drop down; sometimes pursued for my life, and stopped by a wall, or by a sudden loss of all strength; sometimes ready to be devoured by a wild beast. How long I was plagued with such dreams I do not now recollect, I believe it was for a year or two at least, and I think they had quite left me before I was fifteen. In those days I was much given to what Mr. Addison, in one of his Spectators, calls *Castle-building*; and in my evening solitary

walk, which was generally all the exercise I took, my thoughts would hurry me into some active scene, where I generally acquitted myself much to my own satisfaction; and in these scenes of imagination I performed many a gallant exploit: at the same time, in my dreams I found myself the most arrant coward that ever was; not only my courage, but my strength, failed me in every danger, and I often rose from my bed in the morning in such a panic, that it took some time to get the better of it. I wished very much to get free of these uneasy dreams, which not only made me unhappy in sleep, but often left a disagreeable impression in my mind for some part of the following day. I thought it was worth trying whether it was possible to recollect that it was all a dream, and that I was in no real danger. I often went to sleep with my mind as strongly impressed as I could with this thought, that I never in my lifetime was in any real danger, and that every fright I had was a dream. After many fruitless endeavours to recollect this when the danger appeared, I effected it at last, and have often, when I was sliding over a precipice into the abyss, recollected that it was all a dream, and boldly jumped down: the effect of this commonly was, that I immediately awoke; but I awoke calm and intrepid, which I thought a great acquisition. After this, my dreams were never very uneasy, and in a short time I dreamed not at all.

During all this time I was in perfect health; but whether my ceasing to dream was the effect of the recollection above-mentioned, or of any change in the habit of my body, which is usual about that period of life, I cannot tell; I think it may more probably be imputed to the last. However, the fact was, that, for at least forty years after, I dreamed none, to the best of my remembrance; and finding, from the testimony of others, that this is somewhat uncommon, I have often, as soon as I awoke, endeavoured to recollect, without being able to recollect, any thing that passed in my sleep. For some years past, I can sometimes recollect some kind of dreaming thoughts, but so incoherent that I can make nothing of them.

The only distinct dream I ever had since I was about sixteen, as far

as I remember, was about two years ago. I had got my head blistered for a fall; a plaster which was put upon it after the blister pained me excessively for a whole night; in the morning I slept a little, and dreamed very distinctly, that I had fallen into the hands of a party of Indians, and was scalped.

I am apt to think, that as there is a state of sleep, and a state wherein we are awake, so there is an intermediate state, which partakes of the other two. If a man peremptorily resolves to rise at an early hour for some interesting purpose he will of himself awake at that hour. A sick-nurse gets the habit of sleeping in such a manner that she hears the least whisper of the sick person, and yet is refreshed by this kind of half sleep. The same is the case of a nurse who sleeps with a child in her arms: I have slept on horseback, but so as to preserve my balance, and if the horse stumbled, I could make the exertion necessary for saving me from a fall as if I was awake.

I hope the sciences at your good university are not in this state; yet from so many learned men, so much at their ease, one would expect something more than we hear of.

For the other letter I am indebted to one of Dr. Reid's most intimate friends, to whom it was addressed in the year 1784, on occasion of the melancholy event to which it alludes.

I sympathize with you very sincerely in the loss of a most amiable wife: I judge of your feelings by the impression she made upon my own heart on a very short acquaintance. But all the blessings of this world are transient and uncertain, and it would be but a melancholy scene if there were no prospect of another.

I have often had occasion to admire the resignation and fortitude of young persons, even of the weaker sex, in the views of death, when their imagination is filled with all the gay prospects which the world presents at that period. I have been witness to instances of this kind which I thought truly heroic, and I hear Mrs. G— gave a remarkable one.

To see the soul increase in vigour and wisdom, and in every amiable quality, when health and strength and animal spirits decay, when it is to be



torn by violence from all that filled the imagination and flattered hope, is a spectacle truly grand and instructive to the surviving. To think that the soul perishes in that fatal moment when it is purified by this fiery trial, and fitted for the noblest exertions in another state, is an opinion which I cannot help looking down upon with contempt and disdain.

'In old people there is no more merit in leaving this world with perfect acquiescence than in rising from a feast after one is full. When I have before me the prospect of the infirmities, the distresses, and the preevishness of old age, and when I have already received more than my share of the good things of this life, it would be ridiculous indeed to be anxious about prolonging it; but when I was four and twenty, to have had no anxiety for its continuance, would, I think, have required a noble effort: such efforts in those that are called to make them surely shall not lose their reward.'

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"I have now finished all that the limits of my plan permit me to offer here as a tribute to the memory of this excellent person. In the details which I have stated, both with respect to his private life and his scientific pursuits, I have dwelt chiefly on such circumstances as appeared to me most likely to interest the readers of his works, by illustrating his character as a man, and his views as an author. Of his merits as an instructor of youth I have said but little; partly from a wish to avoid unnecessary diffuseness, but chiefly from my anxiety to enlarge on those still more important labours of which he has bequeathed the fruits to future ages. And yet, had he left no such monument to perpetuate his name, the fidelity and zeal with which he discharged, during so long a period, the obscure but momentous duties of his official station would, in the judgment of the wise and good, have ranked him in the first order of useful citizens.—'Nec enim is solus reipublice prodest, qui candidatos extrahit, et tutetur reos, et de pace belloque censet; sed qui juventutem exhortatur; qui, in tanta bonorum præceptorum inopia, virtute instruit animos; qui, ad pecuniam

luxuriamque cursu ruentes prensat ac retrahit, et, si nihil aliud, certe moratur: in privato, publicum negotium agit.'

"In concluding this memoir I trust I shall be pardoned if, for once, I give way to a personal feeling, while I express the satisfaction with which I now close finally my attempts as a biographer: those which I have already made were imposed on me by the irresistible calls of duty and attachment; and, feeble as they are, when compared with the magnitude of subjects so splendid and so various, they have encroached deeply on that small portion of literary leisure which indispensable engagements allow me to command. I cannot, at the same time, be insensible to the gratification of having endeavoured to associate, in some degree, my name with three of the greatest which have adorned this age;—happy if, without deviating intentionally from truth, I may have succeeded, however imperfectly, in my wish to gratify at once the curiosity of the public, and to soothe the recollections of surviving friends. But I, too, have designs and enterprizes of my own; and the execution of these (which, alas! swell in magnitude as the time for their accomplishment hastens to a period!) claims at length an undivided attention: yet I should not look back on the past with regret, if I could indulge the hope that the facts which it has been my province to record—by displaying those fair rewards of extensive usefulness, and of permanent fame, which talents and industry, when worthily directed, cannot fail to secure—may contribute, in one single instance, to foster the proud and virtuous independence of genius; or, amidst the gloom of poverty and solitude, to gild the distant prospect of the unfriended scholar whose laurels are now slowly ripening in the unnoticed privacy of humble life." p. 206.

\* \* Seneca, De Tranquill. An. cap. 3.

XLVII. A TOUR through several of the Midland and Western Departments of France, in the months of June, July, August, and Septem-

*ber*, 1802. *With Remarks on the Manners, Customs, and Agriculture, of the Country.* By the REV. W. HUGHES. Illustrated by engravings. 8vo. 240 pages. Ostell.

THIS instructive and very amusing tour, which extends down to Sa-ble, would afford us many extracts, we must however confine ourselves to a paragraph which every Englishman will peruse with pride and exultation. The superiority of England over France is thus energetically stated.

"In France there are no tythes; no church rates; no poor-rates; taxes there are, and must be wherever there is a government; but compared with those he is accustomed to pay they are as 4 to 40; nay, taking the circumstances above-mentioned into the calculation, I do not believe they are more than as 4 to fourscore: they have copied the most grievous of our impositions—they have a land-tax, a window tax, and taxes upon luxury; the latter not a whit more accommodating than exactions of a similar description in England; but, taken together, the aggregate but just exceeds the sixth part of a man's rent-roll, i.e. 3s. 6d. in the pound.

"What is the inference from all this? that France is the more eligible country in which to fix our abode?—unquestionably not—the country is fine; the climate is delectable and salubrious; the people are gentle, affectionate, amiable; plenty abounds; taxation is easy; and neither tythes, poor-rates, nor church-rates, are exacted; and, to crown the whole, every man serves his Maker according to the dictates of his own conscience, without penalty and without fear—what then do you want more you will say? why, only one little circumstance more, which gives zest to every advantage, and without which all that we can possess is nothing—a circumstance which Britain proudly boasts, and which, I trust, it will boast till time shall be no more—a circumstance which has given it commerce, trade, manufactures, and will maintain them in their envied pre-eminence as long as it shall last. While the sword peaceably rests in the scabbard, the valetudinarian may seek, within the precincts of the republic, the health

which the fogs and the intemperance of his native isle have impaired; the man of science and observation may go thither to improve his taste by studying the remains of accomplished antiquity; and he who courts relaxation may amuse himself with novelty and variety, and circulate a few of his superfluous guineas; but he who is determined, at all events, be the consequence what it may, to canvass all the proceedings of the political circles—to cavil at every thing he does not approve or comprehend, and sound the whoop of tyranny and oppression as often as the exigencies of the state demand supplies, had better stay at home; France is not the country in which freedom of speech is tolerated: one sovereign specific cures all curiosity, hushes all grumbling, silences every complaint: law is reduced within a very small compass; there is no need there of 'Statutes abridged'; Sic Volo of the grand consul has power to solve all difficulties, to quiet all the qualms of judge and jury, to constitute right or wrong: under a military government, person and property are held in a sort of vassalage, and, as often as the one or the other are convenient to the haughty tyrant who sits exalted upon the shoulders of the crouching multitude, the prayers, the tears, of the widow and the fatherless become insignificant as the drops of the morning, or the sighing of the breeze: nay, should those hapless unfortunates, pre-suming upon the righteousness of their cause, dare to become sulky or clamorous—though there be no Bastile wherein to encage them till they have learnt not to trouble their superiors with their idle and impertinent wrongs, yet there are other modes of reducing clamour to taciturnity, equally effectual, at hand. He, therefore, who sets a value proportioned to its worth upon the system of rights which his forefathers nobly wrested from a tyrant's hand, who defies even power to wrong him till his peers have given him leave, who can neither be taxed nor judged but by his peer, who glories in a constitution to which the prince and the peasant are equally amenable, will never think of bartering privileges like these for aught the continent can give him. What matters it that I can purchase lands cheaply, as above

stated; that my husbandmen toil for ten-pence a day; that provisions are 50 per cent lower than in Britain; that taxation is easy; church-rates and tythes gone to their own place; and the poor maintained as they ought to be—if I have no security from injury, if I dare not exert the privilege which the God of nature gave me, if the breath of a tyrant may annihilate my fortune in a moment, reduce me to beggary, confine me in a dungeon where my complaints cannot be heard, or send me across the Atlantic to delve in the bogs and morasses of Cayenne? All, all I possess besides is nothing; it is security, the darling of my soul, which renders what I attain worth enjoying: take from me my security, and you deprive me of that which is more valuable than my life: it is security which gives the spur to my industry; it is security which cherishes the adventurous spirit of commerce; it is security which enables me to look forward to old age with cheerfulness and hope; and if I must resign my security I would as soon live in awe of the bow-string as of the guillotine. What is it that has introduced so many valuable arts and manufactures into Britain?—Security. What is it even now which here gathers together, as in one focus, men of science and experiment from every civilized region of the earth?—Security. Why do they fix upon Britain, rather than their native countries, for developing their discoveries? Because in Britain only can they reap in security the reward of their labours; and while security shall be extended, as hitherto, to person and property, while fortune and life are held, not of the capricious will of a despot but of the will of a nation, generous and just, though sometimes the dupe of accomplished craft, France will in vain endeavour to enter into competition with it: it may spread abroad all its allurements, it may lay every possible restraint upon British merchandize, and endeavour to seduce its manufacturers from the comfort and luxury in which they live, but in vain; till it offers them a government a-kin to the British, till the torpyfying influence of despotism ceases to palsy and to affright exertion, it must be content to move on as it has done, and hold its sceptre over a herd of impoverished slaves!

Britons will turn away from the gilded bait, nor sacrifice the solid realities they possess to any Utopian visions with which French philosophy may endeavour to beguile them.

“One anecdote may serve to illustrate the truth of these positions, and calm the fears of those who tremble for the arts and manufactures of their native isle.

“There was in London not long since, he may be there now, a French gentleman soliciting a patent for the exclusive advantage of some capital improvement in the art of making cables: he had established a manufactory in France, but the moment that peace opened the access to this country he came over for the purpose above stated: being questioned how, under all the local advantages which France possesses, he chose rather to establish himself here than there, his answer was striking: ‘It is the security which England extends to all which determined him to fix upon it as the theatre of his exertions. At home, is there a fleet (says he) to be fitted out with dispatch, it matters not that my total ruin may be the consequence, my whole stock in trade is instantly laid under requisition, months and years of solicitation for payment may be unavailing: when my connections are passed into other channels, my family is reduced to poverty, and my patience exhausted, I may account myself happy if I can obtain from the minister of the marine the half of my demand, and perhaps am mocked with an order of government, like the proprietors of the late Rue de Necaise, for lands in St. Domingo, by way of payment.’

“The case must be the same wherever the product of a manufactory may be necessary to the plans of the first magistrate; and under such circumstances it is needless to say that it can never flourish to any alarming extent. Attachment to the natale solum, and ignorant and bigoted prejudices against every man who is not a Frenchman, may retain at home what manufacturers it already possesses, and carry on a languid trade; but men of desperate fortunes alone will join them from other countries, it would be insanity to translate either capital or talents, even from Prussia, into France; and equally insane is the

emigration of him whose sole fortune is in his hands; encouragement like that he meets at home he must nowhere hope to find; in France it is absolutely impracticable to find it: a Frenchman has neither talent nor temper for business; he has no conception of system; he knows nothing of the division of labour; his workshop is a perfect chaos; all his means are employed to the greatest possible disadvantage; and he quits his trade precisely at the moment when it begins to be most improveable: of course, while the Englishman sells you a decent broad cloth at one guinea the yard, the Frenchman cannot furnish one of equal quality at less than one guinea and a half; and were the wages of labour in the one country equal to the wages of labour in the other, he could not sell it for less than 50 per cent more.

"With every advantage which the country presents unto him, the French mechanic pines in poverty; his temperance alone preserves him from starving, and as those who toil on the western shores of the channel are not remarkably addicted to temperance, they cannot make a more egregious mistake than when they suppose they shall better their condition by emigration. Of the hundreds who have made the experiment I question if there be a dozen who have not bitterly lamented it." p. 237.

The work is embellished with four neat engravings, illustrative of the agriculture of the country: the mode of harnessing oxen, and the manner of loading of their carts, are here well represented and fully described. Endeavouring thus to introduce into our own country any improvement which foreigners may possess is highly laudable, besides its being an ample gratification to the curiosity.

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XLVIII. SERMONS, *preached occasionally in the Episcopal Chapel, Stirling, during the eventful period from 1793 to 1803.* By GEORGE GLEIG, L. L. D. & F. R. S. EDIN. 400 Pages. 8vo. 7s. Rivington.

TWENTY-ONE sermons make up this volume, on these several to-

pics: justification; faith working by love; man's duty suited to his nature; old and new man; unregenerate man; evangelical righteousness; dispositions fit for heaven; repentance; God's judgments; ditto, despised by the wicked; civil subordination; right of christians; love of mankind; love of God and man; goodness of God; providence; delusion; fortitude; government of the tongue; serving the Lord; and, the armour of God. Sermon the third, being short, we shall give it entire.

*"Man's Duty suited to his Nature."*

ECCLESIASTES, vii. 29.

"Lo! this only have I found, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions."

"Among the numberless devices upon which mankind have fallen to reconcile themselves to their sinful courses, one of the most pernicious, and, I believe, the most common, is, a fancy, that however strenuously we may exert ourselves we are utterly unable to discharge our duty. It is an article of many a man's creed, that human nature is so completely depraved, that every descendant of Adam is born with the malignity of a fiend, with a propensity to every vice, and an abhorrence of every virtue, which display themselves as the mind advances towards maturity.

"Nothing can be more groundless than this opinion, or, I think, more hurtful to religion. Our blessed Lord calls *his* religion, an easy yoke and a light burden; but were it true that we are utterly disabled, and made opposite to all that is good, and wholly and continually inclined to all evil, the pure and holy precepts of christianity would to us certainly be a galling yoke, and a burden insupportable.

"That we come into the world with minds capable of acquiring sinful dispositions is indeed true; that we have many sensual appetites, which become sinful when excessive or irregular, is likewise true; and that, surrounded as we are with temptations, these appetites are very liable to become excessive and irregular, is a truth of which every man must be convinced by woeful experience; but all this amounts not to a natural propensity to sin, or to an utter inability of being virtuous.



“Were we impelled by a necessity of nature to any course of conduct whatever, that conduct could not be sinful; for nothing is more evident, or indeed more universally acknowledged, than that sin consists in the improper employment of our own powers. If it be true, and who that names the name of Christ will dare to controvert its truth, that ‘unto whomsoever much is given of him shall much be required,’ it must likewise be true, that unto whomsoever nothing is given of him shall nothing be required.”

“That we are weak and liable to temptation is not the mere arbitrary will of him who made us, but the necessary consequence of our being moral and improveable creatures; for he who cannot err cannot be improved. There is but one intelligent being absolutely perfect, and therefore but one intelligent being incapable of error and of sin. Angels, as well as men, have been, and perhaps now are, in a state of probation; and some angels, we know, as well as men, have sinned: but to say that either were impelled to sin by the depravity of their nature is a blasphemous reflection upon him who created all things, and pronounced every thing which he had made to be very good.”

“The human powers are indeed less perfect than the angelic powers, and therefore less will be required of men than of angels; but if either men or angels transgress the law under which they are respectively placed the transgression cannot proceed from constraint or necessity of nature, but from their own criminal inattention or deliberate perverseness. That thus thought the wise man is evident: ‘Lo! this only have I found,’ says he, ‘that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions.’”

“It appears from the context that the royal preacher was here inquiring into the reason of the corruption of mankind—of the men and women who lived in his own times. In that inquiry he met with difficulties, as every man must who shall enter upon it: but one thing appeared indisputable, and it is the only thing which did so, ‘that God hath made man—men collectively, or mankind—upright;’ that he hath given to all men powers to know and to perform

the duties which he requires of them; and that therefore their wickedness is not to be ascribed to any wayward necessity of nature, but to their own wilful misapplication of their talents, in seeking out many inventions to delude, misguide, and corrupt, themselves.

“This is the language of truth and of piety, however different it may be from that with which our ears are daily stunned by those who prefer for themselves the loudest claims to both. Did those men decry and vilify human nature only to impress upon themselves and others sentiments of the deepest humility, and to point out the necessity of constant watchfulness to him who would run with success the race of christianity, they should never be opposed by me: I might think their opinion extravagant and erroneous, but it would in that case be harmless, as the greatest part of humble and modest errors are. But when they who talk in this style are themselves the proudest of mortals, looking down with contempt on all whose faith they fancy less orthodox than their own; when their infatuated followers, instead of exerting themselves more strenuously to correct this supposed innate waywardness of nature, make it an apology for every crime which they commit; and when both teachers and pupils agree in representing human depravity to be such, that no man can perform his duty who is not impelled to it by irresistible grace;—it is full time to oppose doctrines which at once sap the foundation of human virtue, and blaspheme the attributes of a benevolent God.”

“But do we not derive from our first parents a constitution, both of body and mind, much less perfect than that which they derived from the immediate hand of their omnipotent Creator? and is there not in every descendant of Adam an innate and insuperable propensity to sin?”

“To these questions, which have been often put, very different answers have been given, which have excited violent dissensions in the church of Christ; and yet it is not easy to conceive questions of less importance either to the faith or to the practice of a christian.”

“We derive nothing from our first parents, more than the oak derives

from the acorn, but by the will of God, holy and good; and if our natural powers be indeed less perfect than their's were, either these powers are rendered equal by divine grace, or we have the assurance of our Saviour, that less will be required of us than would have been required of them, had they continued in their state of perfection.

"It is therefore, of no consequence whatever whether we be more or less perfect than Adam was: we are certainly less perfect than the angels of heaven, but the duties prescribed to us are suited to the powers which God hath given to men, and not to those which he hath given to angels. It is indeed certain, that 'the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh;' but this conflict is so far from an insuperable propensity to sin, that without it we could be neither vicious nor virtuous: we might indeed be naturally good or evil, like inanimate objects, or the beasts that perish, but, without something of this internal struggle, we could not possibly be morally good or evil, or, of course, be the objects either of reward or of punishment. Let it be remembered too, that, since 'the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh,' it is absurd to represent them both as corrupt and sinful, for were that the case there could be no conflict between them.

"The plain and obvious truth therefore is, that we are born with capacities of virtue and holiness as well as of profaneness and vice; that our proper business in this state of probation is, to engraft upon these capacities habits to fit us for a superior state of enjoyment; and that we stand in constant need of divine grace to support us under temptation, because our sensual appetites arrive at maturity much sooner than our moral and intellectual powers. But let it never be forgotten, that it is repugnant to every notion which we can form of divine grace, that it should make void our own endeavours. We are in this world like children at school, who are capable either of acquiring the knowledge necessary to fit them for their future destination in life, or of wasting their youth in such idleness and dissipation as must necessarily entail upon them future contempt and

misery. The necessary acquisitions cannot indeed be made without the aid of the master, but it is not in the power of the most eminent master on earth to communicate knowledge to him, who either has no capacity to receive it, or pays no regard to the proper instructions.

"To limit in idea the power of God would be in the highest degree impious; but there is no impiety in saying, that even the influence of divine grace cannot make him holy and virtuous who obstinately resists that influence: such a man might indeed be restrained from the actual commission of sin by almighty power, as the thief and the robber are restrained from their usual depredations by fetters and imprisonment; but genuine virtue and holiness, which are seated in the will, are, in the nature of things, impossible, without our own endeavours.

"Shall we then impute the wickedness of man to the depravity of his nature? no! 'God hath made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions;' and the very worst of these inventions is, the attributing of their guilt and misery to the Author of their nature. What shall we say then? Doth God vouchsafe to men his grace, but in a measure not sufficient to enable them to work out their own salvation with fear and trembling? this were, indeed, 'when a child asked bread, to give him a stone; or, when he asked a fish, to give him a scorpion.' But if we, though evil, be incapable of such conduct as this, how shall we dare to impute it to infinite goodness? If we, being evil, know how to give good gifts to our children, how much more shall our heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?

"Talk no more, then, of the depravity of nature, or of the insufficiency of grace; for however you may have been taught to consider such language as flowing from humility, it is, in truth, a blasphemous accusation of the Author of your nature. Pride certainly was not made for man, for he is probably the weakest and least perfect of God's rational creatures; but this reflection, though sufficient to keep us humble and vigilant, should not make us impious or ungrateful; for though we be 'a little lower than

the angels,' it is owing entirely to the goodness of him who created us that we are higher than the beasts that perish, or indeed that we have any existence. Let not, therefore, a fancied impossibility of holiness and virtue discourage the weak, nor a pretended one excuse the wicked; for since 'God hath made man upright,' with powers suited to the station and the duties assigned him, nothing can be more evident, than that there is no inclination in human nature incorrigible, nor any temptation incident to our state which the grace vouchsafed to us may not enable us to overcome.

"Think not the corruption of your nature greater than the grace of the gospel, or the divine commandments impossible to be kept; for if you adopt either of these fancies you will certainly not run with patience the race which is set before you; but know, that through 'Christ, who strengthens you,' like St. Paul, 'you may do all things.' Many, we are told, will plead before our Saviour at the day of judgment, that they have not only believed his doctrine, but also taught it in his name, and in his name have done many wonderful works: some, too, may possibly plead that they could not be holy and virtuous, because their nature was wholly and continually inclined to sin; thus telling the Judge, that 'they knew him to be an hard man, reaping where he had not sown, and gathering where he had not strewed;' but if either of these pleaders shall have been idle, or workers of iniquity, they will be 'cast into outer darkness, where shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.'"

p. 49.

**XLIX. TRAVELS in Turkey, Asia-Minor, Syria, and across the Desert into Egypt, during the years 1799, 1800, and 1801, in company with the Turkish Army and the British Military Mission; to which are annexed, Observations on the Plague and on the Diseases prevalent in Turkey, and a Meteorological Journal.**  
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THIS interesting work conveys considerable information respecting the Turks and Egyptians, and other particulars concerning the expedition into the east: we shall insert more particularly the account of Jerusalem.

"On our approaching Jerusalem, we were met by the Muslem, or Turkish Governor, and by the superior of the Latin convent, in which we were to take up our abode. They had come out with their attendants to compliment us on our arrival, and conduct us to the city, which we reached at about half past five o'clock. For a considerable distance the road was occupied by great numbers of the inhabitants, who had come out to meet us, and the streets were thronged in our passage through: so great was the curiosity which the arrival of christian visitors had excited!

"To the very gates of Jerusalem the land exhibited the same rocky and barren appearance it had assumed on our entering the mountainous territory. The city itself stands on an elevated rocky ground, capable of yielding but little produce: in the vicinity, however, we saw several spots which the inhabitants had with great industry fertilized, by clearing away the stones, with which they had banked up the soil, to prevent it from being washed away, and by resorting to every other expedient which could suggest itself.

"This soil, which is a reddish clay, wherever it is of any depth is essentially of a good quality, consequently their laborious efforts had been rewarded, in these partial and chosen spots, by an abundant produce of fruits, corn, and vegetables. The grapes which were presented to us at our repasts were uncommonly fine and large: at the season of the vintage the vineyards must have had a pleasing aspect in this land of rocks and mountains.

"Shortly after our arrival the governor paid a formal visit to the general and officers, in the course of which he tendered to us every possible assistance during our stay at Jerusalem. In company with three of my fellow travellers, I took up my abode in the Latin convent, while the general, Mrs. Koehler, and the two other gentlemen, established their residence at a house in the vicinity.

2 M 2

" On the following morning, after breakfast, we returned the governor's visit, and were entertained with coffee, sweetmeats, and other refreshments. From one of the windows of his house we had a very pleasing view of a Turkish mosque, built on the foundations of Solomon's temple: christians are prohibited from entering this mosque, in consequence of a superstitious opinion entertained by the Turks, that if any one of them should set his foot on the consecrated ground on which it stands the Turkish empire would instantly be at an end.

" On the spot where the governor resided, it is reported that Pontius Pilate dwelt; and it was there, according to traditional accounts, that Peter denied Christ."

" Soon after our return to the general's apartment, the patriarch of the Greek church and two Armenian bishops, attended by several priests, paid us a visit, and promised us every attention and kindness during our stay in Jerusalem. The patriarch informed us, that the six priests we had met on our route, and who were on their way to Ramla, had been constrained to undertake that journey by Mahomed Pacha. As he could not explain to himself why they had been thus forced away, he appeared extremely anxious about them, and begged the general to interest himself in their behalf. In the inquiries he addressed to us, he was desirous to know which of the three cities, Jerusalem, Babylon, or Rome, was the most ancient.

" We were told by the priests of an extraordinary threat made by Bonaparte, namely, that should he ever obtain possession of Jerusalem, he would plant the tree of liberty on the spot on which the cross of Jesus stood, and would bury the first French grenadier who should fall in the attack in the tomb of our Saviour.

" To prevent a repetition of the words 'it is said,' 'according to traditional accounts,' &c. I shall in future give the reports relative to the passages of scripture to which such and such spots in the Holy Land refer as they were made to us, leaving to my readers the conclusions as to the greater or less probability of the accordance of the traditions, said to have been handed down, with the events they are intended to illustrate.]

" From the terrace of the convent in which we were lodged we had a fine view of the Mount of Olives, of Mount Sion, and indeed of every part of the city, the extent of which has been so much diminished in modern times, that the circumference is reckoned not to exceed four English miles. The walls and habitations are in excellent repair, and the former are provided with several small square towers. Near the entrance-gate is a castle, denominated David's tower, the stones in the inferior part of which are very massive, and apparently of great antiquity.

" About two o'clock we went to the church called the church of the sepulchre, as being built over the holy sepulchre, in company with the superior of our convent, with whom, I should observe, we had made an arrangement to visit Bethlem on the following morning. Escorted by several of the reverend fathers, we passed through a solemn and grand entrance, into a lofty and capacious building (somewhat less than a hundred paces long and not more than sixty wide), supported by several very large marble pillars of the Corinthian order, and the dome of which was built of the cedar of Lebanon. Preparations having been made for our visit to this sanctuary, it was lighted up with more than usual splendour, and had a very striking and awful effect. In the centre of the building is the holy sepulchre, which is now cased over with marble, for its better preservation; but for this precaution indeed it would ere this have been broken into fragments, which the pilgrims would have carried off as so many precious relics. The sepulchre, we are told, was at first a cave hewn in the rock, under ground; but the rock having been since cut away in every direction it appears now in the form of a grotto above ground. In bestowing on it a close inspection, we met with the stone on which, they told us, the angel was seated when Mary sought the body of Jesus: this stone had been removed from the entrance. The small building, or chapel, in which the sepulchre is enclosed was lighted by several large and handsome lamps, a certain number of which are always kept burning." p. 138.

(To be continued.)



A COMPLETE

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